The APRIL 1915 6d. Net

BOOKMAN

WILLIAM WATSON.

CONTENTS.

WILLIAM WATSON. By Francis Bickley
THE BORROW OF THE WELSH BALLADS. By T. Seccombe
DICKENS'S SECRET. By J. Cuming Walters
THREE GALLOWAY BOOKS. By W. S. Crockett
A STUDY IN EDUCATION. By Keighley Snowden
THE SOULS OF LONELY PLACES. By Major S. Butterworth
ABOUT BOOKS. By Martinus Scriblerus
LIFE AND LITERATURE—AFTER THE WAR. By May Sinclair, Charles Garvice, W. L. George, Stephen Phillips, Silas K. Hocking, and Sir James Yoxall, M.P.
SWINBURNE. By Lewis Bettany
THREE SOUTH AFRICAN BOOKS. By W. Blane
THE TITAN. By Harold Massingham
ADDISON AND THE ENGLISH ESSAY. By A. G. Guthkelch
THE BOOKMAN GALLERY: JAMES STEPHENS. By St. John G. Ervine.
NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC.

ONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

ISTERED AT THE G.P.O. LONDON FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

XUM

Interesting Books on Varied Subjects.

¶ THE BEAUTY, HISTORY, ROMANCE AND MYSTERY OF THE CANADIAN LAKE REGION.

By WILFRED CAMPBELL, Author of "Lake Lyrics," "The Dread Voyage," "A Beautiful Rebel," etc. With numerous plates in colour and half-tone. Price 6/

There is no more beautiful, enchanting and sublime portion of the American continent than the lake region of Canada. Commencing at the Thousand Islands and extending to the extreme western shores of Lake Superior, is a continuous chain of superb lakes and noble waterways, unequalled anywhere in the world for their beauty of fresh-water coast scenery and as a vast highway for inland navigation. "It has long been one of my most cherished dreams," says the author, "to give to the world in some form an account of this region and these lovely and magnificent lakes, so as to celebrate, and perchance to perpetuate in literature not only their unique beauties, but also to chronicle somewhat of the prehistoric and historic tragedy and comedy, and the human vicissitudes which have been associated with this vicinity from the remotest human antiquity to the present day."

¶ WHERE THE SUGAR MAPLE GROWS.

IDYLLS OF A CANADIAN VILLAGE.

By ADELINE M. TESKEY.

Illustrations by J. S. GORDON. Price 6/-

A charming volume of sketches. The author, Adeline M. Teskey, is a resident of Canada and her work will prove a revelation to those persons who claim that Canada has no literature. Miss Teskey has produced in these idylls of a Canadian village something unique in the way of character studies, equal in all respects to the quaint types of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

¶ THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.

THE GREATEST EVENT IN CANADIAN HISTORY. By J. M. HARPER, Author of "The Montgomery Siege," etc. Price 6/-

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham stands out as a memorable event in the history of the world, being not only the most important event in the history of Canada, but an achievement of the highest moment in the military annals of the British Empire as well. And the celebration of its occurrence on the immediate outskirts of the city of Quebec, by the issue of such a volume as this, cannot but be of interest to the King's subjects in every part of the British possessions.

¶ THE MASTER OF LIFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIVE NATIONS AND OF PREHISTORIC MONTREAL.

By W. D. LIGHTHALL, F.R.S.C., Author of "The False Chevalier," etc. Price 6/-

This is a story of woods and waters and prehistoric scenes . . . . . The present book is an attempt to picture the strange ideas of the Red Man's mind, life, and melancholy. It is an aboriginal romance, without a white man in it. The Indian is here represented in the chivalrous and reverent side of his nature. To understand his philosophy it is necessary to remember that he was a mystic; yet he believed one thing firmly, that the whole world of objects was living: nothing to him was inanimate: he himself was but part of a living world, and so were his dreams. And that world had one exquisite and incomparable quality to him in its state of perfect nature—its beauty.

¶ TALES OF THE PORCUPINE TRAILS.

Poems by W. MILTON YORKE. Price 4/-

Mr. Yorke writes with ease, swing, and vigour. There stands out from it all the hardy and hearty ring of the man who knows, the expressiveness of the man who appreciates, the force of the man who is earnest, the fire and freedom of originality, and the enthusiasm of the patriot. . . . . The poems are replete with merit, with character and with genuine interest.

PUBLISHED BY THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LIMITED OF TORONTO AND CATHEDRAL HOUSE, 8, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 283 Vol. XLVIII. APRIL, 1915. Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—

James Stephens. By St. John G. Ervine 5

THE READER—

William Watson. By Francis Bickley 7

Life and Literature—After the War 10

Portrait of William Watson .. 13

About Books. By Martinus Scriblerus 14

Prize Competitions 17

NEW BOOKS—

The Borrow of the Welsh Ballads. By Thomas Seccombe 19

Dickens's Secret. By J. Cuming Walters 20

A Study in Education. By Keighley Snowden .. 21

Addison and the English Essay. By A. G. Guthkelch .. 21

Father Hugh's Poems .. 22

The Titan. By Harold Massingham 23

Three Galloway Books. By W. S. Crockett 23

With the Tsar's Hosts .. 24

The Red Terror 24

Three South African Books. By W. Blane 25

Swinburne. By Lewis Bettany 26

The Souls of Lonely Places. By Major S. Butterworth 26

NOVEL NOTES—

The Great Age—The One Outside—Brother-in-Law to Potts—The Full Price—Her Royal Happiness .. 27–28

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

The Amber Army, and Other Poems — Through Central Africa, from East to West 28–29

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS .. 29

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S ALL-BRITISH ONE THOUSAND POUNDS PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION.

Results.

The Judges:

Canadian section.—Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
Australian section.—Mr. Charles Garvice.
South African section.—Sir H. Rider Haggard.
Indian section.—Captain A. E. W. Mason.

The publishers regret very much that the announcement of these results could not be made earlier. The war has depleted their staff, many of whom are now serving with the colours, and has involved nearly everybody concerned with the Competition in onerous public duties, and these things, as will be readily understood, have rendered the delay unavoidable. The following are the awards that have been made by the Judges:

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best Canadian story has been awarded to Mrs. A. E. Taylor, of 9, Dempster Terrace, St. Andrews, N.B., for a novel entitled "Land of the Scarlet Leaf."

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best Australian story has been awarded to Miss Katharine Susannah Prichard, of 64, Chelsea Gardens, S.W., for a novel entitled "The Pioneers."

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best South African story has been awarded to Mr. F. Horace Rose, of Maritzburg, Natal, S.A., for a novel entitled "Golden Glory."

The Prize of Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for the best Indian story has been awarded to Mr. S. Foskett, care of Mr. B. Foskett, 8, Chester Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a novel entitled "The Temple in the Tope."

The success of the Competition has been most gratifying. The number of MSS. sent in has greatly exceeded even the number received in either of the two previous Novel Competitions conducted by the same firm. Many of those that have failed to win a prize are of high merit, and arrangements will probably be made for the publication of a selection of the best of these. We hope next month to publish portraits of the four prize-winners with some interesting personalia concerning the life and work of each of them.

In his article on Mr. William Watson in this Number, Mr. Francis Bickley pays a very just tribute to the poems Mr. Watson has written on certain of the great national and international events of our own time. No living poet has written on such subjects more forcefully, with such dignity

and splendour of rhetoric, or exercised a more potent influence in the world of affairs. His two small volumes, "The Purple East" and "The Year of Shame," the latter a reprint of the former with several additional poems, are a passionate protest in some of the noblest of such verse in the language against the Armenian Massacres of 1895-96, and crowned Abdul Hamid for ever with his name of "Abdul the Damned." Mr. Watson endured a good deal of obloquy at the time from those among us who still favoured the Ottoman cause, but events have justified him to the uttermost. The deposition of Abdul was followed in due course by the crippling of the Turkish Empire as a result of the late Balkan wars, and to-day we are forcing the Dardanelles on our way to drive the Turk out of Europe once for all. A third little book in this kind, "For England," dealt with the Boer War, and as Mr. Watson's sympathies were mainly on the unpopular side and he gave fearless utterance to opinions that ran counter then to the main current of English feeling, he fell again under the shadow of public disfavour. But now we are saying of Belgium very much what he said in those days against the subjugation of the Boer Republics, and the reparation we made when we granted Home Rule to South Africa has amply justified him. If he has never been deterred by fears of unpopularity from administering reproof to his own country when he felt she was falling short of her ideals of righteousness, no poet has sung the praise of England in more golden numbers, and some of the best patriotic poetry of the present war has been written by him. This is a side of Mr. Watson's genius that is more fully recognised in America than among ourselves, and perhaps the one flaw in the otherwise admirable 1905 selection of his poems in two volumes, edited by Mr. J. A. Spender, is that "The Year of Shame" and "For England" are not quite adequately represented in it.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Stephen Graham.

It will be welcome news to Mr. William Watson's many admirers that he has in a completed form a considerable body of poetry having literature itself and the literary life for its theme, and thus in a certain degree reverting to the class of subjects to which such earlier poems of his as "Wordsworth's Grave" and "The Tomb of Burns" belonged, with this difference, that the later work includes a good deal of satire, grave and gay, on certain modern literary tendencies, as well as some attempt at a revision of one or two cases commonly regarded as among the *choses jugées* of criticism. In addition, Mr. Watson has ready for publication, when a fitting time returns, many poems of a personal character, and a large quantity of work arising out of the war.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a popular edition of "The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck," in one volume.

Mr. Stephen Graham, whose new book "Russia and the World" is published by Messrs. Cassell, is an unusually tall man, six feet one inch in height, and looks more like a Russian than an Englishman. His face bears a marked resemblance to that of Maxim Gorky, a fact frequently remarked upon by Russians who meet him. The facial resemblance is probably to be accounted for by the Celtic strain in him. The Russians have much in common with the Celts. It was the spirit of Russia as shown in the works of Gorky and Dostoieffsky that drew him towards Russia and caused him to go there and try to find out about her. "I am thirty years old," Mr. Graham confesses, "and some years ago I gave up a good business post in London and went out to Russia to find myself. I had only fifteen pounds in my pocket, but I had a heart full of hope and a good woman friend behind me. I shared a room with two young Russian students at Moscow and lived a most interesting Bohemian life. I wrote very little during my first year in the country. I had some dark days, but as I began to know more Russian and to feel surer of my own outlook on life I became more and more happy in my new career. I tramped about in the Caucasus, slept under the

stars, received hospitality from all sorts of queer folk and incidentally saw a lot of Russia. I wrote my first book, most precious to me of my writings, and next summer I went north to Archangel and saw another side of Russia. Next year after that I joined the Russian Pilgrims, disguised as one of them, and went with them to Jerusalem. Next year again I went to America with Russian emigrants. I have tramped in almost every district of Russia and when the war broke out I was away on the frontier of China, a thousand miles from a railway station. My new book starts off with an account of how the war affected the people there; how the Cossacks rose at the Tsar's summons."

"The Turbulent Duchess."

A sketch of the heroine of the new novel of love, chivalry and adventure, by James Brebner, that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing immediately "Windrush and Evenlode," a volume of poems by Mr. Henry Baerlein. Those who know Mr. Baerlein's delightful translations from the Persian poet, Abu' l Ala, will welcome this his first book of untranslated verse.

A few months back, in reviewing Mr. Munson Havens' charming novel "Old Valentines," our reviewer declared that the hasty marriage of his hero and heroine in England was incompatible with the marriage laws of this country. When Mr. Havens wrote protesting that our reviewer was in error, we, in the pride of our heart and in the best good faith, tried to assure him to the contrary. When he wrote again, still unconvinced, we paid a visit to the Registrar-General's Office in order to place the point beyond doubt, and as a consequence we are now fittingly clad in sackcloth and ashes, and readily sacrifice our reviewer to the interests of truth by printing the following letter:

Mr. P. W. Wilson,

whose new book, "The Unmaking of Europe," Messrs. Nisbet are publishing.

To the Editor,
THE BOOKMAN,
London.

Cleveland, U.S.A.

SIR,—In a review of my novel "Old Valentines" (Constable), your reviewer cast doubt on the legality of the marriage of the hero and heroine, who decided at lunch to marry, and were married before three. "Alas, alas, Mr. Havens is kinder to the lovers than the hard, unwieldy marriage laws of England would be!" said your reviewer, inasmuch as the hero, after counting the money in his pockets, found he had enough for "luncheon, fares, and even contingencies." Your reviewer went on to say that "the contingencies included a special licence, which

Photo by Gordon Chase.

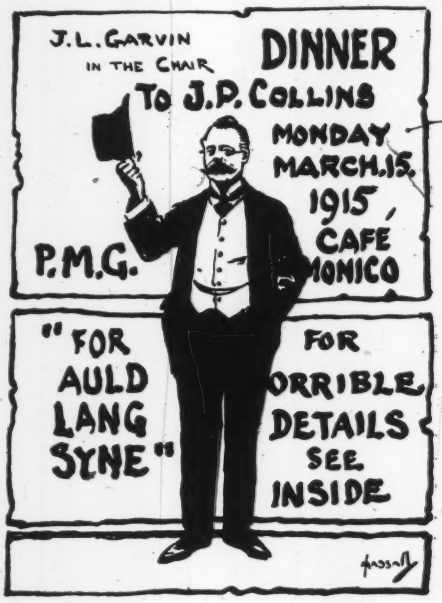
Miss M. Revell,

whose charming book of poems, "A Reading of Life," was recently published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

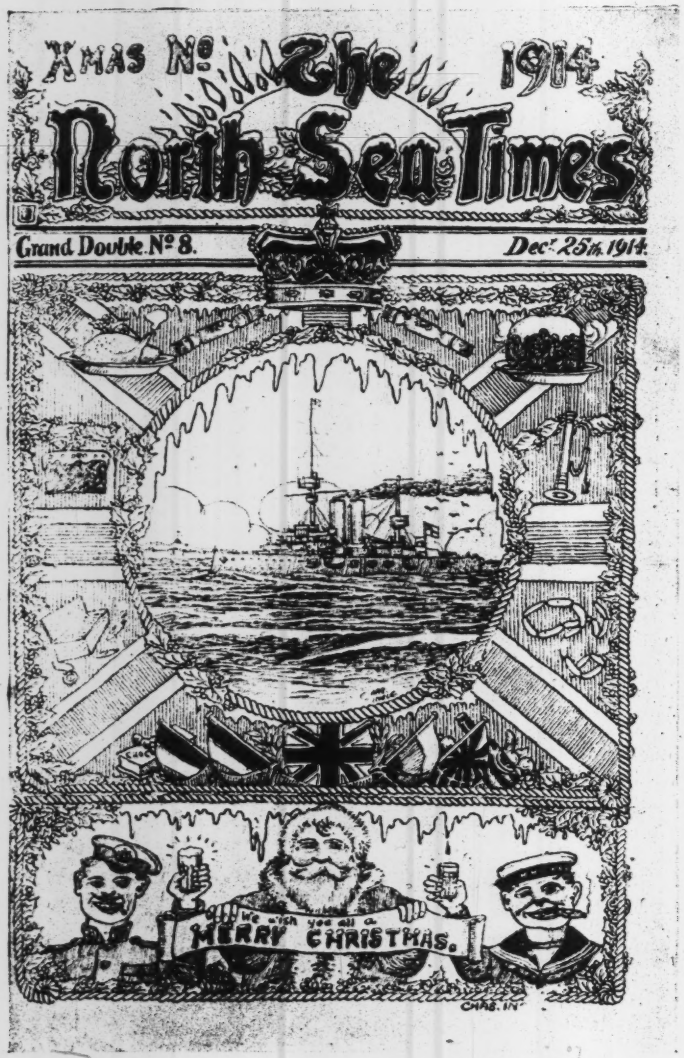
with fees and duty amounted to something like thirty pounds." Your reviewer laboured under an assumption, common to Englishmen, I think, that a special licence is necessary (except in times of especial stress, such as the present war) to consummate a speedy marriage. An American author, however, unlike your reviewer, dare not rest the turning point of his plot upon an assumption. My knowledge of English law seems to be sounder than your reviewer's. To his confusion, and to the confusion of all other reviewers who make unguarded criticisms, permit me to say that my hero and heroine were quite legally married, without banns, by securing an ordinary licence, costing about two pounds at the Faculty Office in Doctors Commons. They were married in the parish church of the district in which the hero had lived for considerably more than the fifteen days required by law.

Very truly yours,
MUNSON HAVENS.

One of the pleasantest of recent literary functions was the complimentary dinner given to Mr. J. P. Collins at the Café Monico, on March 15th, on the occasion of his retirement from the literary editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to undertake control of the Literary Agency of London. Mr. J. L. Garvin, the editor-in-chief of the *P.M.G.* was in the chair, and bore the warmest testimony to the esteem and affection in which Mr. Collins was held by those who had been his colleagues; other speakers including Mr. Farquharson Sharp, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, Mr. J. M. Blanch, Mr. Howard A. Gray and Mr. Collins himself. The guests numbered over a hundred, and many of the best known London authors, journalists and publishers were among them. Mr. C. E. Lawrence, who was responsible for all arrangements in connection with the event, is to be congratulated on his gifts of organisation.



Mr. J. P. Collins.
From a drawing on a menu card, by John Hassall.



Title page (reduced) of No. 8 of *The North Sea Times*,
written, illustrated printed and published on board H.M.S. *King Edward VII*., with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea.
From a copy of the journal kindly lent by Miss Gladys Jacob.

We publish on this page a reduced facsimile of the title page of the Christmas Number of *The North Sea Times*, a quaintly interesting journal written, illustrated and printed on board H.M.S. *King Edward VII*. Letterpress and illustrations reveal the highest of high spirits, and would seem to show that the long watch and ward in the North Sea, and the constant dangers attending it, have taken

nothing from that breezy cheerfulness which characterises the British sailor. There is a "Tall Shooting Story" to which the author, Charles Ingle (who, by the way, is the *North Sea Times's* artist, and an artist of considerable humour and ability), is constrained to add a confession that he is no relation to George Washington. The "War Notes" breathe the courage and eagerness for battle that is felt throughout the Navy; but in the main the literature is distinctly frivolous and amusing. "Duty Clown" contributes a page of "Wit and Wisdom"; there is a burlesque list of "Things We are Not Sure About"; some farcical "Advertisements and Announcements"; a whimsical dream-story, "The Refit of the *Old Crock*"; and a capital account of "Christmas Day Aboard Ship," by Frank Lane. A unique feature of the paper is that, as there are no engravers or means of making blocks on board, spaces are left for the illustrations and these are printed in afterwards, by means of a jellygraph.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JAMES STEPHENS.

By St. John G. Ervine.

MR. JAMES STEPHENS was not born of woman, nor did he "just grow" as Topsy did. He descended upon this world, completely adult, exactly as the angels in "The Demi-Gods" descended on the hill where Patsy MacCann and his daughter Mary found them. I have heard, and I believe it to be true, that Mr. Stephens (it seems ridiculous to call an angel *Mister!*) was found by Æ, the great Irish poet and greater Irish man, clinging to the branches of a tree in Stephen's Green, Dublin. Æ instantly hauled him off his perch (for he is very familiar in his manner with angels and the like) and informed him that the only occupation fit for a heavenly being was that of a lecturer on Co-operation under the direction of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society; and people say that Stephens was so scared by this statement that he wrote two books in his hurry and alarm and then bolted to Paris, where he now sits congratulating himself on his escape from affairs. But that was a mistake. In running away from Æ, he also ran away from Ireland.

Photo by Roe MacMahon. **Mr. James Stephens.**

And let this be noted: the two books which he wrote in Ireland are better than the two books which he wrote in France. I will not deny that "Here are Ladies" and "The Demi-Gods" are full of good stuff; indeed, I will affirm that they are; but they are without that salty, Irish quality which makes "The Charwoman's Daughter" and "The Crock of Gold" such tasty reading. One feels that the angel, unaware of sex when he made these two books, in the sense that the neurotic novelists are aware of it, had become very conscious by the time he reaches "Here Are Ladies" and "The Demi-Gods" that "male and female created He them." One feels, too, when one reads "The Charwoman's Daughter" and "The Crock of Gold" that the angel, in his flight to Stephen's Green, contrived to see the whole of Ireland very clearly, but when one reads the later books, one feels that, wingless, he is now squatting on the pavement in front of a Parisian café looking at Ireland through liqueur glasses. And Paris is the very devil of a place for an Irishman to live in. How else can one account for the ruin of Synge? Englishmen, indeed, should be compelled to spend part of their lives in France, because Englishmen are like that, but all Irishmen should be forbidden the place; for Paris (I have never been in it, God be praised!) is simply a spruce Dublin drinking absinthe instead of a shabby Dublin drinking stewed tea. And where's the good in that?

You can see the Parisian influence very plainly in "Here Are Ladies" and "The Demi-Gods." Would the Puck-like Stephens who wrote "The Charwoman's Daughter" recognise this passage from "The Demi-Gods" as his own? "And now, before the day had broken, sitting in a ghastly lightness, which was neither light nor darkness, she was attending to her hair." The word "ghastly" instantly assails your eyes and fills your mind with shock, and you have difficulty in believing that it was written by the man who made Mary Makebelieve and her mother in "The Charwoman's Daughter." Puck, you may be sure, has no knowledge of ghastly things, nor does he conceive of the dawn as a ghastly spectacle. The passage I have quoted from "The Demi-Gods" is not an isolated one. It is almost inconceivable that the early, utterly unself-conscious Stephens should write such a description as this: "all around, down the invisible road and across

the vanished fields and hills, night trailed her dusky robes and crushed abroad the poppy." Puck and *poppies!* My delicate Ariel mouthing like Oscar Wilde and Ernest Dowson and Baudelaire and Verlaine and all the paltry, decorative people who could not see visions unless they were drugged or drunk! No, no, this consciously "beautiful" writing smells, not of hills and sea and "wide, windy acres," but of the Café Royal. Larks for Puck, not ghastliness! Footing it featly for Ariel, not poppies and the insignia of death! But worst of all the influences of Paris on "The Demi-Gods" is the incredible end of the story; for Mr. Stephens makes the young angel Art rip his wings into fluttering plumes so that he may turn mortal and marry Mary MacCann! That is a deep dip into sentimentalism. A real angel would have known his place better than that, and he would have followed Cæltia and Finaun in their big, leaping flights to heaven.

There were signs in "The Crock of Gold" that Puck was forgetting himself. Whenever he saw a hillock he leaped on to it and began to preach. And Puck has no business with preachments. His job is to tickle the fancy of Oberon and his lady Titania and to set the fairies in a roar of laughter. If he moralises at all, he must do so briefly and very seldom. He may, under extreme provocation, exclaim "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" but he must not so closely resemble mortals that he instantly sets about improving their minds. We cannot contentedly watch Puck transforming himself into Mr. Sidney Webb or Miss Christabel Pankhurst. "The Crock of Gold" begins in a burst of pagan gaiety, and the entranced reader lets his eyes leap from page to page with indescribable pleasure until, mid-way through the book, the sparkle begins to fade and dull as the eyes rest on rhetoric about Women and Marriage and Property and other topics of intellectual discussion. Puck turns preacher, and the gay hooves are hidden under a cassock!

Argument is Mr. Stephens's hobby. He loves a good old gabble on ideas, and so long as he keeps his rhetoric separate from his art, there is no harm done. "So long as a man rides his Hobby-horse peacefully and quietly along the King's highway," says Tristram Shandy, "and neither compels you or me to get up behind him—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?" But if Mr. Stephens rides his Hobby-horse full tilt at his story, then his Hobby-horse becomes an abominable nuisance, for it utterly discomposes his story. In "The Demi-Gods" there is a partial recovery of the pagan spirit that prevailed in "The Crock of Gold" and was almost lost in "Here are Ladies." There are lengthy passages in "The Demi-Gods" that are full of rapture; the reader feels that mountain-air, nippy with sea-breeze, has been distilled into words without losing any of its stingy, enlivening quality; and he opens his mind, as it were, and draws great draughts of it into his heart. To read such a passage as this is like eating juicy apples and ripe nuts:

"Her father awakened exactly as she did, exactly as every open-air animal does; his eyes flew wide, instantly and entirely wakeful, and he looked at her with full comprehension of their adventure. He raised softly on an elbow and glanced to where the strangers were; then nodded to his daughter and rose noiselessly to his feet. She beckoned him, and they stepped a few paces away so that they might talk in security. Mary was about to speak, but her father prevented her:

"'Listen,' he whispered, 'the best thing we can do is to load the things into the cart, without making any noise, mind you! Then we'll yoke the little ass as easy as anything, and then I'll get into the cart and I'll drive off as hard as ever I can pelt, and you can run beside the ass with a stick in your hand and you welting the devil out of him to make him go quick. I'm no good myself at the running, and that's why I'll get into the cart, but you can run like a hare, and that's why you'll wallop the beast. Mind now,' he continued fiercely, 'we don't know who them fellows are at all, and what would the priest say if he heard we were stravaiging the country with three big, buck angels, and they full of tricks maybe? So go you now and be lifting in the things and I'll give you good help myself.'"

Compare that live stuff with this musty, flavourless passage from the same book:

"Civilisation, having built itself at hazard upon the Rights of Property, has sought on many occasions to unbuild itself again in sheer desperation of any advance, but from the great Ethic of Possession there never has been any escape, and there never will be until the solidarity of man has been really created, and until each man ceases to see the wolf in his neighbour."

Sound enough, indeed, but who wants to hear Puck talking like Karl Marx?

It is in "The Charwoman's Daughter" that one finds Mr. Stephens at his very best. When I first read this delicate story and "The Crock of Gold," I thought that "The Crock of Gold" was the better of the two; but on re-reading them, I have reversed their order. In this story Mr. Stephens does not argue about women, or lay down rules and regulations about their conduct: he contents himself with creating women. It is the most tender and beautiful fairy-tale that has been written in our time: an exquisite book full of great longings and high romance and the sensitive reticence of queenly women. "The Crock of Gold" begins in high jinks, but ends in a burst of oratory: the sparkle is not maintained all the way through the book. But "The Charwoman's Daughter" begins and ends in charm, and is never without charm for a moment during its course.

In addition to the four prose works named above, Mr. Stephens has written two volumes of poems: "Insurrections" and "The Hill of Vision." They are full of that roaring rebellion against set things which is in everything that he writes, which, indeed, makes his tendency to moralise all the more remarkable. Perhaps the most considerable of his poems is "The Lonely God," a piece which is full of the beauty of the disconsolate. It is when one reads "The Lonely God" and "The Charwoman's Daughter" that one realises how dreadful a thing it was for Mr. Stephens to fly to France, and how urgent a thing it is that he should instantly return to Ireland. If Puck must preach to the multitude, let him take his pack and go tramping the roads in Donegal and Connacht and the Middle West. Æ's instinct was right: Mr. Stephens can expend his preacher's energy in propagating the principle of co-operation among the Irish peasants; and having rid himself of rhetoric in this fashion, he can settle down in comfort to write the fine stuff with which he began his career as a writer. He may be certain that that is the only stuff his admirers desire from him.

THE READER.

WILLIAM WATSON.

By Francis Bickley.

IN his introduction to the two-volume selected edition of Mr. Watson's work, Mr. J. A. Spender remarks: "There are writers of a copious and diffuse habit whose best is arrived at by a vigorous process of selection; but Mr. Watson is certainly not one of these. He writes at long intervals, refines, rejects, condenses, with a fastidiousness of self-criticism which is too rare among modern authors. He has, of course, his degrees of excellence, but his work is from the beginning a selection. . . . Mr. Watson has two distinctive qualities. . . . One is the power of conveying illuminative criticism in poetical form, as, incidentally, in his Elegiac Poems, in many of his Sonnets, and in the Epigrams, which last, despite the work of other writers who have practised the aphoristic quatrain, assume in his hands an original and characteristic form. The other is a descriptive and meditative kind of poetry which, though in subject it derives from Wordsworth, departs widely from the Wordsworthian method in its technique. To this class belong many poems which, suggested by some mood or phase of nature, deal with the greater problems of life and death, philosophy and religion." It will be observed that, in all his references to Mr. Watson's verse, Mr. Spender gives it the name of poetry. Some critics have had scruples, and perhaps, if the sacred word is only to be applied to the inspired moments of Keats and Coleridge, and to such things as are of their kindred, even if not of their quality, then the author of "Lacrymæ Musarum" cannot be admitted to the temple. He must be content to stay in the excellent company outside. There is often a fine fire of moral indignation in his verses, and often by sheer burnishing he makes them shine like steel; but neither of these things are the authentic, miraculous flame. But if by poetry one simply means good writing in verse, he is indisputably of the elect. It is nothing but a question of nomenclature. You may deny that Dryden and Pope are poets; you cannot deny that they are among the great writers of English.

Mr. Watson's love of epigram and antithesis suggest comparison with the Augustan age; but, though classical in his economy, he is altogether of the century of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Arnold. He writes in their tradition, and in his outlook on life he is a thorough-going romantic. He considers our forefathers to have been finer fellows than we are, and hopes that our descendants will attain to even loftier summits. It is characteristic of the romantic to believe that he lives in a depression.

In some lines to Edward Dowden, we get a glimpse of the poet's education in his art. After telling of his early subjection to Shelley, he goes on:

> "Anon the Earth recalled me, and a voice
> Murmuring of dethroned divinities
> And dead times deathless upon sculptured urns—
> And Philomela's long-descended pain
> Flooding the night—the maidens of romance
> To whom asleep St. Agnes' love-dreams come—
> Awhile constrained me to a sweet duresse.
> And thraldom, lapping me in high content,
> Soft as the bondage of white amorous arms.
> And then a third voice, long unheeded—held
> Claustral and cold, and dissonant and tame—
> Found me at last with ears to hear. It sang
> Of lowly sorrows and familiar joys,
> Of simple manhood, artless womanhood,
> And childhood fragrant as the limpid morn;
> And from the homely matter nigh at hand
> Ascending and dilating, it disclosed
> Spaces and avenues, calm heights and breadths
> Of vision, whence I saw each blade of grass
> With roots that groped about eternity,
> And in each drop of dew upon each blade
> The mirror of the inseparable All.
> The first voice, then the second, in their turns
> Had sung me captive. This voice sung me free."

Photo by S. Reid, Dumfries. **William Watson,** and his little daughter, aged two years and thirteen days, when the photograph was taken last month.

Before Wordsworth had made him forget Keats, Mr. Watson wrote "The Prince's Quest." This story of a youth's enchanted odyssey, in search of the lady of his dream, is pure romance, and full of such words as "tristfully," "dolorousness" and "puissance," but the writer's native terseness has saved him from the garrulity which lies in wait for those who use the running rhymed decasyllable, and snared Keats in "Endymion" and Swinburne in "Tristram of Lyonesse." "The Prince's Quest" makes pleasant if unexciting reading, but has little significance in a conspectus of Mr. Watson's art; unless it be called as witness that from the beginning the poet was concerned with abstractions, types and ideals, rather than with the individual instances which appeal to the realist.

Mr. Watson has written little narrative poetry, and

none of great length. Only three pieces, exclusive of "The Prince's Quest," which is placed in the section devoted to "Early Poems," and appears under that head in the two-volume collection; "Domine Quo Vadis?" a legend of Rome and St. Peter; "The Eloping Angels," an amusing "caprice," which is as though the hand of Byron had for once collaborated with the spirit of Dickens, and "The Dream of Man." This last is one of those typical products of the latter nineteenth century which trace their ancestry to Darwin:

"To the eyes and the ears of the Dreamer, this Dream out of Darkness flew,
Through the horn or the ivory portal—he wist not which of the two."

The dream shows the triumphant Spirit of Man marching through the ages from victory to victory, until

"Man's Spirit grew too lordly for this mean orb to bound,
And by arts in his youth undreamed of his bonds terrene he broke,
With enterprise ethereal disdaining the natal yoke,
And, fired with cosmic ambition, that brooked not earthly bars,
He conquered the virgin planets and peopled the desert stars."

Then he thought:

"In what room of the palace of nature resides the invisible God?
For all her doors I have opened, and all her floors I have trod."

The Prodigy

When Kings reeled to their falls, or Pestilence poured
Her chalice, or wan Famine claimed her slain,
Dread Comets ploughed of old the ethereal plain,
The hirsute Star loosing his locks abhorred.
Fierce shapes he took; a bristled monster, gored
With porcine tusk the cold-bosomed Inane;
Flowed on the neck of Night, a charger's mane;
Or brandished in the zenith a hungry sword.
Now once again, the buccaneer of Heaven,
Yonder he cruises by its northern coasts,
And trails upon our sky his wake of foam;
Till, from that region hunted wide, and driven
Before its fleets and all their armoured hosts,
In deeps unknown the starry Ishmael roam.

William Watson

The Prodigy.

Facsimile MS. of an unpublished sonnet by Mr. William Watson.

There was none greater than himself, he concluded, and set up altars for his own worship. Then God "stept from His ambush" and showed Man "his base beginnings in the depths of time." "This," Man retorted:

"This is my loftiest greatness, that I was born so low;
Greater than Thou the ungrowing am I that for ever grow."

God's answer is to show him "his dark decline,

"His secular fall to nadir from summits of light divine,
Till at last, amid worlds exhausted, and bankrupt of force and fire,
'Twas his, in a torrent of darkness, like a spluttering lamp to expire."

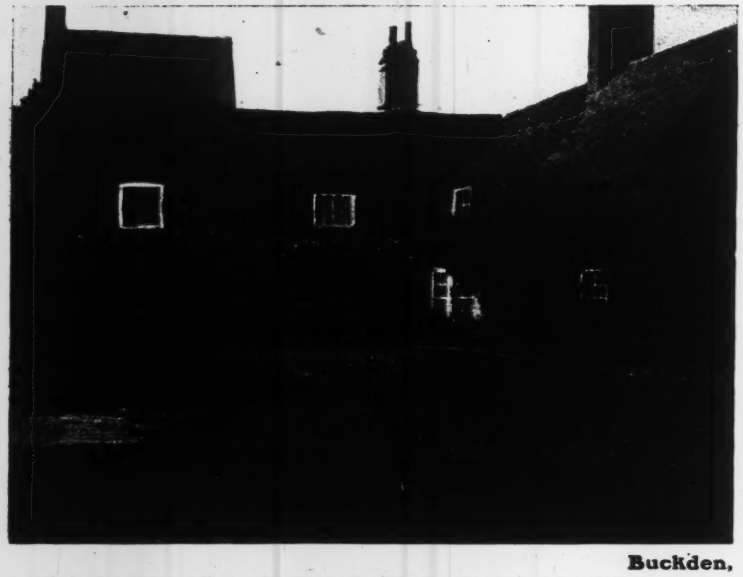
This vision Man refuses to believe, and he returns to his work of conquest until he has overcome the last and greatest of his enemies—Death. But now

"Man the invincible queller, man with his foot on his foes,
In boundless satiety hungered, restless from utter repose,
Mighty o'ercomer of Nature, subduer of Death in his lair,
By mightier weariness vanquished, and crowned with august despair."

He has nothing left for which to live or to hope. In his misery he turns to the God whom he once spurned, and God of his pity restores him Hope and Death, acknowledging Man's lot to be more blest than His.

"I taste not delight of seeking, nor the rapture of striving know.
These only are joys transcendent, and I hoard them not, but bestow.

It has seemed worth while to dwell at length on this poem because it is not



Buckden,

which until about a year ago had long been Mr. William Watson's home in Huntingdonshire.

only one of Mr. Watson's finest, but because it is so perfectly characteristic both of the man and of his age.

The stoical, austere, yet on the whole optimistic agnosticism, which was the predominant temper not only of Arnold, but of Stevenson, may have been a compromise—as Mr. Chesterton has written a book to maintain—but it was a very noble compromise, and Mr. Watson is not the least of those who have accepted it. In such poems as "The Unknown God" and "The Hope of the World" he expresses it with a dignity worthy of his masters, Wordsworth and Arnold, and with the distinction of language which never fails him. Life he sees as a struggle unalleviated by any certain hope of reward, and he contrasts the absolute moods of nature with man's incompleteness.

"With stormy joy, from height on height,
The thundering torrents leap.
The mountain tops, with still delight,
Their great inaction keep.

Man only, irked by calm, and rent
By each emotion's throes,
Neither in passion finds content
Nor finds it in repose."

Again:

"Toiling and yearning, 'tis man's doom to see
No perfect creature fashion'd of his hands.
Insulted by a flower's immaculacy,
And mock'd at by the flawless stars he stands."

To accept imperfection as his lot, and to make perfection his goal, is not the least of man's heroisms.

Lacking that ultimate magic which is the soul of poetry, Mr. Watson is hardly to be considered as a lyrist, though he has written snatches of verse, such as "O, like a queen's her happy tread," the well-known "April, April," the Tennysonian "Leave-taking," and the early "Song of Three Singers," which are full of limpid and lucid charm. But he depends on polish rather than spontaneity for his effects. His verse often takes an epigrammatic form, or culminates in an epigrammatic *dénouement*, and his long series of four-lined epigrams are unique in modern literature. Many of these are famous, such as the one quoted above ("Toiling and yearning"), and there is scarcely one which is not aptly phrased and pregnant with meaning. For instance (at random):

"Love, like a bird, hath perch'd upon a spray
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away;
But hush! . . . remind not Eros of his wings."

This, entitled "Shelley and Harriet," is tender as well as terse:

"A star look'd down from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour.
Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears."

Much of Mr. Watson's poetry deals with criticism or eulogy of his masters and fellow-craftsmen, or with the theory of his art.

As he says in his "Apologia":

"I have full oft
In singers' selves found me a theme of song,
Holding these also to be very part
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not
Their descants least heroical of Deeds."

Again and again he has praised that quality which is pre-eminently his own:

"Time, the extortioner, from richest beauty
Takes heavy toll and wrings rapacious duty.
Austere of feature if thou carve thy rhyme,
Perchance 'twill pay the lesser tax to Time."

Another ("To a Slovenly Versifier"):

"Your gems, I take it, even in the rough,
For this rude age are more than good enough?
Too mean were lapidarian toil for you;
'Tis work we drudges may be left to do:
Poor painful slaves of our own paltry skill,
Doting uxorious on Perfection still."

Mrs. William Watson.

(Mr. Watson has written so much that is quotable, and of quotable length, that one is tempted to make an anthology instead of an article). The carping, sarcastic note—suggesting a blindness to the fact that art is a house of many mansions—is rather too frequently sounded by Mr. Watson, especially in his later work, but he can praise finely, and the four elegies, for Tennyson, Burns, Wordsworth and Arnold, are tributes not unworthy of those to whom they are offered.

To discuss Mr. Watson's poems on "public affairs" in detail would be to recount the history of England, or, rather, of Europe, for the last thirty years. Specimens of this side of his work are indeed fresh in everybody's memory, for the great war, which he foreshadowed in more than one poem, has given him an opportunity of which he has made full use. To-day he finds himself

in accord both with public policy and with popular sentiment; but this has not always been the case. He has many a time found occasion to say hard things of England and of Englishmen. For he is an idealist, and is irked by the stumblings and dishonesties of politicians. He is a Liberal, who hates to see his country departing from the path of Liberalism. "On being styled 'Pro-Boer,'" he wrote:

"Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I, too, have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love."

And so he has often found himself in opposition to the activities or the inertia of England's politicians, notably at the time of the Armenian massacres and during the South African War. On these occasions he gave bold voice to his opinions and faced the opprobrium which they brought on him. But the defence of his well-founded claim to be called a patriot is best set forth in his own words. Dedicating a volume to Mr. Leonard Courtney, one of the most vehement critics of the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, he wrote:

"I anticipate the charge, already brought against me, of anti-patriotism; an accusation best treated with disdain, yet in itself so odious, that to suffer it without impatience is difficult. Especially is it odious to one who has prided himself on being peculiarly English in his sympathies and sentiments, and who comes of many generations of such Englishmen as fought indomitably for faith and commonweal, such Englishmen as lived the beautiful ancient life of our pastoral highlands, in the lee of northern hills, and by the flowing of Swale and Ure. To one conscious of these noble origins, conscious, too, of having loved his country with the vigilant love that cannot brook a shadow upon her honour, the charge of being against her because he deplores her temporary attitude and action, brings a kind of amazement that has in it something akin to despair. But hope returns at last—the hope, nay, the assurance, that the spirit of detraction and falsification is no true English growth, and must presently perish, or seek fitter soil and clime."

This, surely, is nobly phrased, and in the temper of his finest, most characteristic poetry.

LIFE AND LITERATURE—AFTER THE WAR.

By May Sinclair, Charles Garvice, W. L. George, Stephen Phillips, Silas K. Hocking, Sir James Yoxall, M.P.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR

and the influence of the War on Life and Literature.

I AM afraid it is a little too soon for considering the effect the War is going to have on "our lives and literature." I certainly think it will have *some* effect. It will probably lop off a good many excrescences from both, and destroy some of our most tenderly cherished abnormalities (though, by shattering the nerves of the present generation, it may ultimately produce others as bad or worse.) Our young Intellectuals are not going to be affected by the War, and the War most certainly is not going to be affected by them. It will simply leave them alone in their detachment; and there will be no second crop of them just yet. And it would be pretty safe to say that it will make short work of the brothers and sisters of the Intellectuals, of the "Sensuists" in-theory-and-on-principle, of all the bloodless, attenuated, conscientious devotees of the "primitive instincts." I do not think we are going to be interested any more in their erotics, or their sex-problems, or, primarily, in sex at all; because of the enormous widening of our range of motives and instincts and emotions. Some of these—the will to fight, the violent courage and violent honour of War, and the greatest of them all, Religion, are primitive instincts if you like; and all the primitive instincts hang together. We shall no longer be able to regard Love, for instance, as an isolated phenomenon, but we shall see it as it is, rooted and platted in with the rest, having no more colour or importance than it gains by the general heightening of emotional values all round.

For there is no doubt that these values were precisely what we were beginning to lose in "life and literature," along with Religion, that is to say with our hold on Reality, before the War. Most of us—with the exception of one or two poets—were ceasing to live with any intensity, to believe with any conviction incompatible with comfort, and to feel with any strength and sincerity. Yet we were all quite sincerely "out for" reality without recognising it when we saw it, and without any suspicion of its spiritual nature.

And Reality—naked, shining, intense Reality—more and not less of it, is, I believe, what we are going to get after the War. It cannot be evaded for a whole century. The Nineteenth did its best to pretend that Reality was not there, to build up between us and the vision of it, the whole obstructive apparatus of material things. And at last, by means of the cruellest, the ugliest, the most brutally material of material things we are "hacking our way through."

We cannot possibly come out of the War as unseeing as we went in. Its very waste of material things—thousands of pounds gone with the normal, uninterrupted life of a big gun, after the 500th round; millions and millions sunk in the total of our ammunition, with the entire approval of this money-grubbing nation; our own estimate of the worth of flesh and blood when weighed against a few intangible things such as patriotism, and honour—these should be enough to open our eyes to the Unseen.

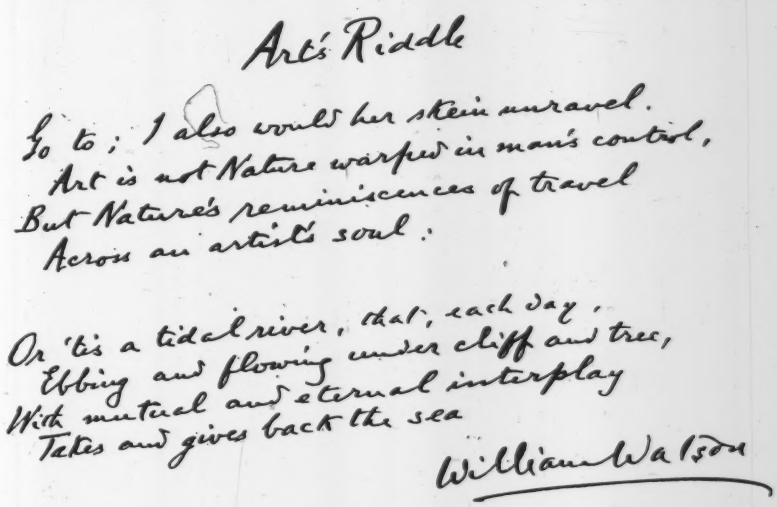
Then there is Russia.

The Russian Government is one thing and the Russian people is another. It is, perhaps, the most religious

people, the people most earnestly struggling towards spirituality, at this time in Europe. And Russian literature—the literature which is probably about to influence us more than any other—has had its eyes open most of the time.

But it is too soon to prophesy, even if prophecy were ever safe.

MAY SINCLAIR.



Art's Riddle

Go to; I also would her skein unravel.
Art is not Nature warped in man's control,
But Nature's reminiscences of travel
Across an artist's soul.

Or 'tis a tidal river, that, each day,
Ebbing and flowing under cliff and tree,
With mutual and eternal interplay
Takes and gives back the sea

William Watson

Art's Riddle.

Facsimile MS. of an unpublished poem by Mr. William Watson.

CHARLES GARVICE

on the signs of the times.

Seeing that literature is as sensitive as the *mimosa pudica*, it is impossible that it should not be affected by an Armageddon. When the war broke out, so great and immediate was the effect on the profession of authorship that the sale of all books, save those dealing with the war and its causes, ceased automatically; that is to say, the general reader suddenly lost his interest in belles lettres, fiction and in all science and history unconnected with the science and history of warfare. After a while, and with comparative quickness, when the first excitement had subsided, the public began to read again, though shyly and, so to speak, half-ashamedly; and now, I am given to understand, "the trade" is recovering and the demand for certain books becoming normal. So much for the material side of the question; as regards the purely literary aspect, I am inclined to think that this war will have a marked effect on the quality and tone of the books which are now being written, and will be written for the next two or three years. They who are in close touch with literature will agree with me that, for some time past, and immediately preceding this war, fiction—I speak of the branch of literature of which I know most—had become meticulous in detail, almost morbidly analytical and too much given to the small, the minute things of life; it had something of the restlessness, the fever and the petulance of an over-fed and pampered child, who turns from solid food and homely toys and whines for unwholesome sweets and grotesque and hideous caricatures of the animal world. In a word, fiction was going through an attack of vapours. Suddenly, there came the clash of arms, the groans of the wounded, the darkness of the black shadow cast by Death. The world was wakened from its apathy by the roar of the elemental. It was impossible to take an interest in small things, when such tremendously great and dreadful ones were happening within a few hundred miles of us. I remember going to the theatre, with a friend, one evening during the first fortnight of the war; the play was a comedy of the eternal triangle: two women and a man; and my friend, after watching the admirable play and the clever actors through two acts, remarked to me, "I don't care which woman has him; let's go out and get a paper." We were losing men by the thousand, and we could not take any interest in imaginary sorrows.

As I have said, that phase of indifference is passing away, the libraries are doing a brisk trade, and the demand for fiction is becoming normal; but I venture to think that it is for fiction of a kind different from that which we have been producing of late; the trivial story, the meticulous study of detail will lose their vogue, if they have not done so already; we shall require some backbone in our novels; the love interest alone will not satisfy us; strife is in the air, and we shall want to be told something of man's efforts at self-denial and altruism, his blind, but always purposeful, struggles to reach the higher and the nobler life. Of course, this is mere theorising; but one opinion may be offered with a large amount of confidence; and that is, that there will be no great demand for the war element in fiction. This opinion is based on experience; every novelist knows that the one thing he might not write about after the Boer War was—the Boer War. Once we have recovered from the awful shock of this Armageddon, once we have righted the wrong as far as we can do so, and have punished the tyrant and the transgressor, scarcely shall we bear to think, much less shall we bear to read, of the agony we have suffered, the horrors through which we have waded.

CHARLES GARVICE.

W. L. GEORGE

thinks the War will make no difference.

I have indeed noticed a tendency among reviewers to dismiss certain types of novel as "evidently written in the pre-war period." It takes no very precise form, but the suggestion is that after the war we shall all of us be different people; that the men will be noble, stern and brave (including the majority who have not fought); that the suffragette will disappear and no longer want a vote; that the revolting daughter will cease to revolt; that the wife will be content; that we shall never again hear of strikes against low wages, of vegetarianism, the Russian Ballet, or fancy painting. I think this idiotic. One might conclude that Europe had never before gone to war. (The Napoleonic Wars were smaller but lasted longer.) I am convinced that after the War the agitations we have known will come to the fore again in literature. We are not in for an orgy of

fair-haired heroes (just over six feet in height) or of warbling heroines; at least not those of us who love literature. We are going to give tongue more loudly than ever when militarism has been cleared out of the way; the nation is not going to be pure and simple and solemn and stupid; already the suffragists threaten, the busmen and miners strike. Well, the literary folk are going to behave as they used to . . . and more so. Marriage, the family, the military state, we are going to turn on all of them. And you can call us egotistic, neurotic; it won't matter: we'll merely thicken the dose!

W. L. George.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS
is pessimistic.

My opinion based on conversation, not with the literary man, but with the average man, who both thinks and reads, is that the war is a set-back to idealism. That Germany will be eventually defeated is plain enough; but for the first time in history great thinkers have proclaimed and a most powerful nation has seriously gone to war for the doctrine that Might is Right, that he who wills shall reign. It is true that Napoleon can be regarded as an incarnation of this idea, but Napoleon was an overmastering individual. Here we have not merely a monarch or a group of statesmen, but a whole people throwing its national life into the balance for a theory, which, if true, can only mean that the pre-dominant Force is rather evil than good.

Stephen Phillips.

SILAS K. HOCKING
on Post-War Literature.

I take it for granted that what I may call the temper of any given period reflects itself in the literature of that period. Hence, when the war is over the temper of the nation will find expression in the books that will be written. What that temper is likely to be, it is perhaps rash even to hazard a guess. Yet there are certain considerations that may serve as finger-posts.

If the war ends in a stalemate—a patched up peace—we may be quite sure that the temper of the nation will be sullen, and bitter, and critical. If, on the other hand, the Allies win a complete victory and are able to dictate terms to the bully of Europe, then there will be a rebound in the direction of brightness and cheerfulness and gaiety; but over against this must be placed the awful aftermath of even the most successful war. For tens of thousands of people the joy of life will be quenched for ever, and for the rest there will be straitened means, and shrunken capital, and an almost intolerable burden of taxation, so that the rebound will mean little more than one vast sigh of relief, and then the nation will have to stoop to take up its burden again, and with sadly diminished strength.

Also it must be remembered, that the scale of values has changed beyond what we yet realise. We have almost a new standard of ethics. The old commands: Thou shalt not kill, nor steal, nor covet, nor bear false witness—Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day, and love your enemies, and forgive those who have wronged you—we find not only inconvenient, but almost impossible.

Hugh Price Hughes used to say that war not only hardened the heart, but seared the conscience—many of us are finding that to be strictly true. Moreover, our finer sensibilities are becoming dulled. Things that would have sent a shudder through the nation a year ago, awaken now but a faint and passing emotion. Hell has been let loose in Europe, and for months we have been stumbling through it, and may have to stumble on for many months more; and it seems hardly likely that we shall come out without having the smell of fire on us. The bearing of this on the literature of the future is easy to see.

The impression left on my mind in reading the history of the great and prolonged wars in which we have engaged is, that they were followed in most instances by a period of great laxity—of social and even political corruption. At the end of the present war a million or two million men will be set free—liberated, not only from the horrors but from the discipline of to-day. What that may mean it is not easy to imagine. They will come back as heroes; nothing will be too good for them, and no charity too large to be extended to them.

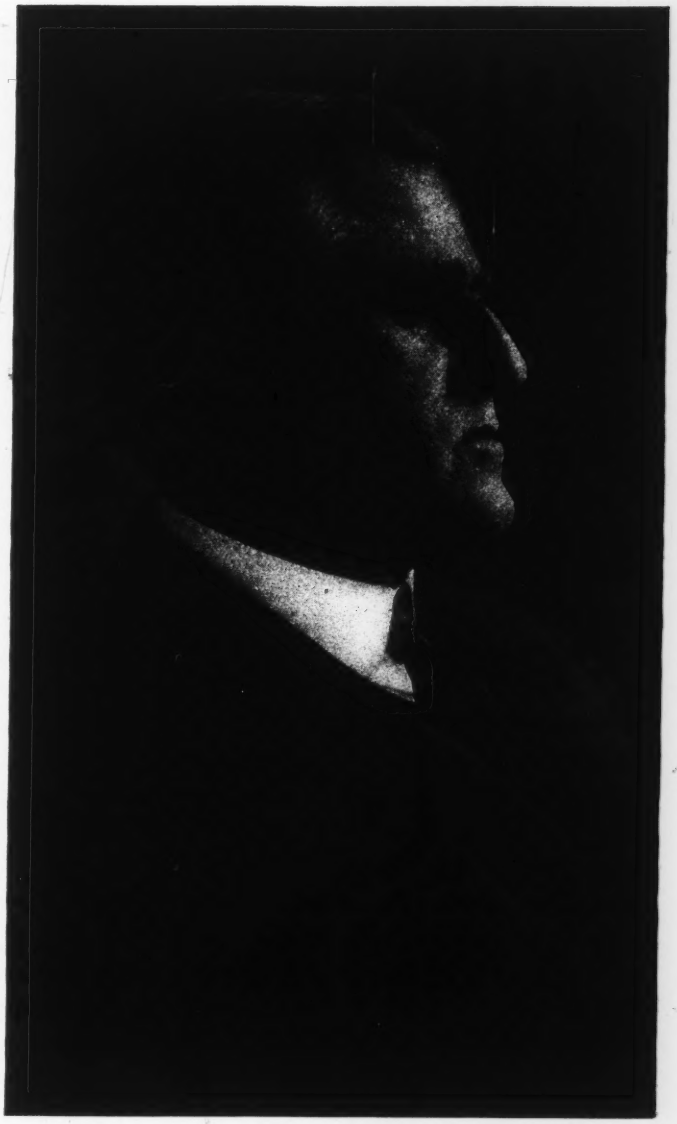
Hence I do not look forward to a sweeter period—a more refined and gentler period. It may be jollier in some ways, more robustious, and reckless and daring. The books that will be written will probably have more iron and less honey, more dash and go and less psychology; but that they will be finer in tone or more exalted in purpose I do not think we have any right to expect. To imagine that a sweeter and nobler Europe will emerge from this welter of blood and crime is to ignore all the teaching of history. War is always brutal however conducted, and its effect on the spirit and temper of the nation is to harden and coarsen. The literature of the next decade will be woven, not out of spun silk, but out of steel wire. That may be an advantage, so much depends on the point of view.

Some of our novelists have already made a start—there is no reason why they should not make a bit out of the war as well as the contractors—the levels have been taken, and the land partially surveyed. The hero is big and muscular, and absolutely destitute of fear; the heroine (sweet thing) dotes on physical courage, and scorns the man who manifests the least symptom of nerves. The meek are not to inherit the earth for a year or two, and the sensitive man is going to have a bad time of it. So much is plain even now, and the end of the war is not yet.

Silas K. Hocking.

SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.
looks for good out of evil.

As to books, the present wide study given to publications concerning the War, the national policies which led to it, and the modern history of the countries engaged in it, is bound, I should think, to have an effect upon the reading tastes of the future. The lessening in number of the inferior class of novel—published often at the expense of writers who have no real capacity for authorship—will, one may hope, go on. However, the daily meals of exciting news now supplied will probably create a greater appetite for stories of adventure in the future; and we may see renewed the Romantic Period which



Mr. William Watson.

began during the long wars which ended at Waterloo. On the other hand, there are signs of a turning towards books of the less exciting order: "Nothing about the War" was a significant advertisement put forward by a publisher not long ago. Perhaps the essay may get its chance again; as almost certainly the poem which can be both romantic and reflective will do. Before the War there were symptoms of a renaissance of poetry, and surely this will go on; for apart from the woe and waste and blood, one effect of a great war is to poetise a nation which feels itself to be fighting for the right.

After the War, the current of national life will turn into very much the old channels again, most probably—though perhaps with a quicker movement: it would be disappointing if the sluggishness of the past were to be renewed; the effect of the crisis upon individuals has been so marked—one sees it in the people met with in the streets, in their eyes and bearing, as well as in the regimented men—that the nation, as a whole, can surely never be again quite so dull and slow as in some respects it was before this great shaking-up occurred: for also our past trivialities and frivolities are now seen by great numbers of us to be the petty and ineffectual things they really were.

J. H. YOXALL.

ABOUT BOOKS.

A LETTER FROM LONDON TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

April, 1915.

. . . . MY bookseller was saying the same thing only yesterday, but though it is true the publishers are giving us more fiction and general literature now than they were a month ago—which was to be expected at this time of year, anyhow—the War remains and must remain our first interest, and there has been little appreciable falling off in the steady outflow of new War books. It is impossible for any one man to read them all, they are so many, but in the last few weeks I have read with the greatest interest Richard Harding Davis's graphic account of his experiences "With the Allies"[1] in France and Flanders, and the first bound volume of "T. P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War,"[2] which forms in itself a most fascinating history of the War up-to-date in all its varied aspects. In addition to T. P.'s characteristic weekly commentary, there are articles by Miss Marie Corelli, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Lord Roberts, W. Douglas Newton, Archibald Hurd, and many other able writers. It is one of the books you must certainly add to your War library. Another is Archibald Hurd's succinct, well-informed record of the creation and growth of "The German Fleet,"[3] the latest addition to the indispensable *Daily Telegraph* War Books. Serviceable and well-informed too, are F. A. M. Webster's history of "Britain's Territorials in Peace and War,"[4] and Haldane Macfall's "Battle: Showing how battles are fought and the Why and the Wherefore"[5]—a timely handbook for young officers and soldiers, this, a comprehensive, comprehensible guide to the business of soldiering and the conduct of the fighting man on the field.

"The Menace of German Culture,"[6] a reply to the egregious Professor Munsterberg, is the soundest of the several books of its kind, and you will find its four chapters on the causes of the War; the ideas for which the opposed forces are fighting; on German Culture versus Russian Culture; and on the War and the world's future, full of interest and suggestion. You will be introduced to a new and plausible theory if you read A. W. Alderson's dissertation on "Why the War Cannot be Final,"[7] and, to some sensational shocks administered in the most sensational manner, if you lay out a shilling on William Le Queux's "German Spies in England."[8] I confess that ever since I read it I have looked with suspicion upon even my oldest friends.

"The Way of the Red Cross"[9] is an intimate and deeply interesting study of the organisation and duties of the R.A.M.C. and the Red Cross Society. No book the War has occasioned reveals more touchingly or more thrillingly the human side of those soldier-heroes who suffer the most terrible wounds with such cheerful fortitude, and none does such justice to the noble and self-sacrificing work that is done by the doctors and nurses and ambulance-bearers in rescuing and caring for the wounded, and doing these high services of pity and human kindness that mitigate the inevitable barbarism of War. You cannot read some of the stories in this book without pride or without tears; but there are delightful touches of humour in it, too—usually that best of humour that is only the other side of pathos. A book that was well worth doing even apart from the fact that the profits from it are to help *The Times* fund for the sick and wounded.

I have seen only three collections of War verse this last month. Albert Allen's "Labour War Chants"[10] are steeped in the misery, the inhumanity, the horrors of warfare; they are as grimly and bitterly realistic as the fiercely democratic poetry of Ebenezer Elliott. "The Raving,"[11] by Eric Stone, is, on the other hand, airy trifling, a parody of "The Raven," that burlesques the doings of Germany; and the verses are not so clever as the drawings. "Lest we Forget"[12] is one of the best anthologies of the verse that has been written about the present war, and is published in aid of Queen Mary's Guild.

Something of the War spirit seems to have got into the editors of Everyman's Library[13] and Jack's People's Books, for the twenty-one new additions to the former include such works as Cæsar's Gallic War; "The Subaltern," by Gleig; "Tom Cringle's Log"; Josephus's "Wars of the Jews"; Mignet's "French Revolution"; Laing's translation of "The Olaf Sagas"; and of

[1] 6s. (Duckworth.) [2] 4s. 6d. net. (T.P.'s Journal Publishing Co.) [3] 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) [4] 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) [5] 6d. net. (Simpkin Marshall.) [6] 1s. net. (Rider.) [7] 1s. net. (King & Son.) [8] 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.) [9] By Lt. Charles Vivian and J. E. Hodder Williams, with a Preface by Queen Alexandra. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) [10] 2d. (National Labour Press.) [11] 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) [12] Edited by H. B. Elliott. Foreword by Baroness Orczy. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.) [13] 1s. net each. (Dent.)

necessity a note of war runs through much of what is to me the most interesting of the twenty-one "British Historical Speeches and Orations," for the compilation of which Ernest Rhys is responsible. As for the People's Books,[14] there are six of them; the trail of the War is over them all, and they consist of Captain Atteridge's "British Army of To-day"; A. D. Innes' "The Hohenzollerns"; "A French Self-Tutor," by W. M. Conacher; W. T. Waugh's "Germany"; Frank Maclean's "Belgium," and "Treitschke," an excellent study of the life and doctrines of Germany's great warmonger, by M. A. Mugge.

The first novel about the war—if there has been another I have not come across it—is Joseph Keating s "Tipperary Tommy,"[15] a stirring, vigorously written romance with an attractive neer-do-weel hero who answers his country's call, and plays the man in gallant fashion during the great retreat from Mons. A capital tale of love and hard fighting. "A Man of Iron"[16] takes you forty-five years away from this war, back to that war between France and Prussia that is largely responsible for this. Bismarck is the man of iron, but a certain P. C. Breagh is the real hero of the book, and you will be almost as interested in the vicissitudes of his short career in London and the strange people he associates with there, as in the vivid and picturesque adventures that await him out in the battle area in France. I shall not attempt to give you any idea of the plot; it would fill a much longer letter than I intend writing to you to-day. I daresay the book would have gained in intensity and power it if had been sternly condensed. There is so much detail concerning the causes of the Franco-Prussian conflict, the whole thing is so minutely realistic, and sometimes the author's mannerisms grow a little irritating; but there is no denying that your interest is roused and held through all the eight hundred pages of the narrative, and what is the use of complaining of small flaws when one has made such an admission as that? I never miss reading a new novel by Constance Smedley. She writes well, and is always true to the facts of the average life of which all of us know something. Her "On the Fighting Line"[17] (you see how the war finds an echo in the title?) tells in the form of a diary the story of a girl-clerk in a mammoth London business concern. Her pride in her work, her ambition, her simple honesty, the dangers that she, in her innocence, so narrowly escapes when she falls in love with the son of one of the partners, and accepts his love and his compromising attentions; her office companions, the amusing bohemian company that gathers about her in her economical lodging—these things and the everyday incidents and events that make up such a life as hers are unfolded with the surest skill and effectiveness.

Richard Dehan,
author of "The Man of Iron" (Heinemann).

I read, or tried to read, last month three or four novels that were so bad that you won't want to hear anything about them. But here are some others that I can strongly and unreservedly recommend:

"The Family"[18] is an amazingly clever study of an English country family, consisting of the squire, his wife and their eleven children. The children grow up and love and marry and lead their separate lives, yet the family tie so holds and draws them that those separate lives are all woven into the one story—not always a pleasant story; the characters are too faithfully, uncompromisingly human for that; but very pleasant indeed sometimes and always interesting. "Grocer Greatheart"[19] is a very delightful extravaganza in which a party of four men and three women are wrecked on an apparently uninhabited island, and the grocer, a suppressed little man, broken away from his shop at last and voyaging to see the world, proves the dominant spirit among them, and leads them through all manner of dangers and difficulties, but his primitive instincts are so far reawakened by his new environment that when a rescue ship arrives, he decides to remain behind in the island with the beautiful girl they had discovered, who had been already shipwrecked there before their arrival. I am not sure that "The Sixth Sense"[20] is not the most brilliantly written novel on my list. The dialogue is witty and epigrammatic without being artificial; the woman's suffrage movement is treated in a manner that is both daring and sympathetic; and I shall not tell you what is the sixth sense because you will so thoroughly enjoy reading the book to find out for yourself. There is no lack of ingenuity and smartness in "John Scarlett,"[21] though John is not exactly the sort of man that appeals to me. After ruining himself at the baccarat tables of Trouville, he returns to London and puts up as lodger in a workman's dwelling, where he has for landlady a shrivelled hag who is "a mother of navvies." Would a mother of navvies be in a position to let a furnished room that was worth eight-and-sixpence a week? I don't know. Strange things happen in this world. But John observes that "class hatred" burns in her eyes; in fact, he recognises that the poor all about him are "controlled by base instincts and feelings"; "class hatred rose rampant, all-powerful among them"; and he was upset by the contemplation of their "lack of judgment, their lack of discernment," their cupidity, and a few other things that would naturally shock a man who had been leading a thoughtful, unselfish, rational but ruinous life round the gambling tables. I regret that in these circumstances John felt the "master breed" flame up within him, because this makes me suspect that John was a snob. However, he gets back into his own sphere, becomes a member of Parliament, is not too righteous to give the go-by to the woman who loved and had befriended him, marries, and by an extraordinary deception, booms himself into popularity as a public man.

It is a long time since I was so absorbed by any tale

[14] 6d. net each. (Jack.). [15] 6s. (Methuen.) [16] 6s. (Heinemann.) [17] 6s. (Putnam.)

[18] 6s. (Methuen.) [19] 6s. (John Lane.) [20] 6s. (Chapman & Hall.) [21] 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

of crime and mystery as I was by "The After House."[22] Don't start to read it till you have a couple of hours to spare, because it is one of the right tantalising, baffling kind that you have got to go on reading to the finish at all costs, once you have begun it. Two books of a widely different sort, and two that you must by no means miss, are "The Young Man Absalom,"[23] and "Edgar Chirrup." The former is a strong and very moving story of an idealist who enters upon a business career resolved not to defer to the conventional hypocrisies of his social and commercial circles, but to carry his ideals of conduct into practice, and he does so, but not without paying a heavy price for his courage; the latter[24] is, you may take it from me emphatically, the best novel Miss Peggy Webling has given us, and if you have read her "Virginia Perfect" you will know that this is no small thing to say. It will delight you especially, who are a lover of Dickens, for I have rarely met with a story of recent years that, without being imitative, is so pleasantly steeped in that spirit of sympathy and genial humour that we have come to look upon as essentially Dickensian. Half the charm of the book is in its atmosphere and characterisation; the other half is in the narrative of Edgar's career from the time when he goes as a very youthful assistant in the dusty old bookshop of the kindly, eccentric Mr. Dering to the days when he is a popular comedian. All the Dolling family, a typical suburban group, are admirably drawn; so is Auntie 'Rora; so are the managers and actors of Edgar's acquaintance; so is Ruth Dering, a lovable, feminine creature, whose tentative love affair with the dashing Cyril Hammersley, and her happier love for Edgar and his for her bring the changing colours of romance into a pleasantly realistic tale. Get this, and be sure to get also "Red Hair,"[25] by Robert Halifax, and "Nicholas Simon"[26] by D. P. Macdonald, two uncommonly good stories that I should like to have your opinion upon.

Photo by Buchner, Sydney. **Arthur H. Adams,** author of "Grocer Greatheart" (John Lane).

I have read nothing else in these last few weeks except Francis Gribble's "The Royal House of Portugal,"[27] Nicholas Everitt's "Round the World in Strange Company," and two books of essays. Francis Gribble is, as you know, one of the ablest and most attractive writers of the popular histories that have, in late years, enjoyed so large a vogue, and he makes of the records of the decline and fall of the house of Braganza a romantic history that is at once competent, dramatic and diverting. And diverting in a very different fashion is "Round the World in Strange Company."[28] Mr. Everitt gives a picture of Salt Lake City that is curiously disquieting to anyone who has settled down to accept the current ideas about the Mormon; and his analysis of the American girl and her mother is not calculated to endear him to the average American; though, for my part, I like the American girl for the very qualities he condemns in her. I am tired of the fluffy, helpless, super-homely type of young lady, and do not think our womankind are going to lose much by developing self-reliance and some independence of character. Who wants to see human beings of any sort cut out on the same tame and proper pattern for ever and ever? The book will amuse you and irritate you, and in its own discursive, irresponsible style tell you much that is worth reading about places and people that are strange to such untravelled persons as you and I.

One of my collections of essays is H. N. Morris's "Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge and Other Men of Genius Influenced by Swedenborg."[29] The studies in these lives are thoughtful and scholarly, and the value of the book is considerably enhanced by a reproduction in facsimile—the first time it has ever been published, I think—of Flaxman's allegory of "The Knight of the Blazing Cross." Particularly interesting among the minor studies are those of Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, and of the poet, preacher and New Churchman, Henry Septimus Sutton. The other essays are Arthur Waugh's "Reticence in Literature."[30] These are reprinted from many periodicals and are the well-considered views and opinions of a good bookman on subjects in which all good bookmen are interested. There is a great deal that is suggestive and shrewdly true in Mr. Waugh's argument for reticence; it is strikingly and entirely true of certain forms of literature, but don't you think he is mistaken in laying it down as a general axiom that the mortal "who would put on immortality must first assume that habit of reticence, that garb of humility by which true greatness is best known"? This would leave such authors as Montaigne, Hazlitt, Pepys, Boswell, and Byron rather out in the cold. There is a series of excellent papers on "Some Movements in Victorian Poetry," and another called "Sketches for Portraits," vivid and revealing critical dissertations on the life and work of such writers as Crashaw, George Herbert, Kingsley, Christina Rossetti, Robert Buchanan, Gissing and that admirable man of letters, Birkbeck Hill. This is just the book for a leisure hour and a comfortable corner. It will help you to forget the anxieties and tumult of the War, and lure you back into those charmed gardens of the spirit that are "full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing," even in such unquiet days as these.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

P.S.—Here are a few more War books that have come in since I started to write to you. I give that name to them all, because they were all written under

[22] 6s. (Simpkin Marshall.) [23] 6s. (Chapman & Hall.) [24] 6s. (Methuen.) [25] 6s. (Methuen.) [26] 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.) [27] 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

[28] 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.) [29] 2s. 6d. net. (New Church Press.) [30] 3s. 6d. net. (J. G. Wilson.)

the influence of the War even when they are not about it. In "Russia's Gift to the World," by J. W. Mackail (2d., Hodder & Stoughton), you have a careful and well written estimate of what Russia has done in Literature, Art, Music, Science and the Drama. When you have read it, read "German Culture" (2s. 6d. net, Jack), edited by Professor W. P. Paterson, and written by several distinguished authors who impartially and authoritatively discuss the contribution of the Germans to Literature, Art and Life, and the two between them will make you wonder how Germany can contemplate the proofs of Russia's culture and the proofs of her own and still go about with an unlimited swelled-head. Charles White has written a useful book on "Our Regiments and their Glorious Records" (1s. net, Pearson); and G. Lowes Dickinson's thoughts on the situation and the best way to secure lasting peace "After the War" (6d. net, Fifield) are full of good common-sense, and will appeal both to idealists and to practical men. The other War books—I have not had time yet to do more than dip into them—are "The Secret Service Submarine," an exciting story by Guy Thorne (1s. net, Pearson); "The Life of His Majesty Albert, King of the Belgians," by J. de Courcy Mac Donnell (1s. net, John Long); "My March to Timbuctoo," by General Joffre, with a biographical sketch by Ernest Dimset (2s. net, Chatto & Windus); "Fighting with King Albert," by Capitaine Gabriel de Libert de Flemalle—the first book on the War by a Belgian officer (6s., Hodder & Stoughton); "Things to Know About the War" (1s. net, Pearson); and "The Soldier's First-Aid Book," by M. Theresa Bryan (2d., Macmillan).

Photo by Gillman, Oxford.

Stephen McKenna,
author of "The Sixth Sense" (Chapman & Hall).

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the three most apt and amusing combinations of book-titles, as, for example: "The Heart's Desire"—"Hard Cash."

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mrs. Joseph E. Atkinson, of 209, Warren Road, Toronto, Canada, and the Rev. J. Napier Milne, of 19, Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow, W., for the following:

GREY GAUNTLET.

Grey Gauntlet, you of the wristlets wrought
Of home-spun soft and grey,
Do you hear the flashing needles click
Three thousand miles away?
Oh it's purl and plain,
And a toss of the arm,
For freeing the endless thread:
And mystic whisp'rings with each stitch
Too sacred to e'er be said.

Grey Gauntlet, you of the sword must go,
We of the spindle stay:
And our needles speed that our lads may march
Mail-coated in woollen grey.
Oh it's slip and bind,
And seam and count,
And turn the heels with care:
No craven fears in the meshes hide
But only a murmured prayer.

ELMINA ATKINSON.

LAUREL AND CYPRESS.

I watched him swinging down the street,
The fairest lad in all the line,
His kilt and khaki, braw and neat,
My first-born—mine!

He sleeps beneath the blood-red sod—
A letter from the King to say:
"Fallen in Honour's Cause." . . . Thank God!
But ay! But ay!

J. NAPIER MILNE.

We also select for printing:

FLOTSAM.

Had you but seen my little son
Stretched on my knees before the fire,
Then had you looked on such a one
As any mother might desire.
Red as a rose, straight as a dart,
Blue eyes, and gold hair curled and fine,
It surely must have warmed your heart—
If you had seen that son of mine!

Had you but seen my up-grown son,
(Six foot and more in height he stood,
When he had come to twenty-one),
It surely must have stirred your blood.
He held his head so straight and high,
He looked so strong to do and dare,
That folks would turn as he passed by,
And say of him: "A man goes there!"
* * * * *
And he was slain—in all his pride—
He fell in fight, beyond the sea;
Some lad, who held him when he died,
Sent this—his kerchief—back to me!

(Mrs. Stephen Parker, 12, Foulayne Street, Goole, E. Yorks.)

THE COMFORTER.

Who art Thou in this darkness whither we crept to weep?—
I am That One Who cometh to wake you out of sleep.

Who art Thou in the stillness uplifting Bread and Wine?—
I am That Love ye dreamt on; such tenderness is Mine.

If Thou art Christ Anointed what means this lowly guise?—
I come—a King rejected; but ye will not despise.

Where be Thy Kingly symbols—the orders and the stars?—
Lo, on My Brow the Circlet, and in My Hands the Scars.

To us, Thy humblest children, why comest Thou alone?—
I come, Who knew all sorrow, because ye too have known.

(Miss V. D. Goodwin, Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent.)

THE DILEMMA.

Dearest, I dare not ask for less
Than all thou canst bestow:
Thy very wealth of loveliness
Doth work me yet this woe,

That having all I hold in fee
Too much for man to choose,
Yet ah! to miss a part of thee
I lose too much to lose!

(Bernard Spencer, 75, Rye Hill Park, London, S.E.)

The number of lyrics sent in this month is greater even than usual, and we select for special commendation the twenty-four by Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Doris Dean (Burnley), Miss M. Gardner (Southsea), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Arthur Thrush (London, W.C.), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Alice M. Willis (St. Louis), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), Lottie Cole (Pontrilas), Charlotte L. Plummer (Ontario), Frank N. Numby (Sidcup), David Conrad (Forest Gate), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Hilda M. Bois (Vancouver), F. K. Berry (Barrow-in-Furness), Lesbia Thanet (Leeds), Dorothy Bunn (Hull), George L. Burton (Birmingham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss S. M. Isaacson, of 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W., for the following:

THROAT AND EAR TROUBLES. (Macleod Yearsley.)
"He sings each song twice over."
BROWNING, *Home Thoughts from Abroad.*

We also select for printing:

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER. BY D. H. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth.)
"He led his regiment from behind,
(He found it less exciting)."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

(Neil Cornell, 116, Heath Road, Twickenham; and C. Webster, 17, Grenville Street, Russell Square.)

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER. BY D. H. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth.)
And like a crane his neck was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can.
Faerie Queene, Canto IV., Book I.

(Poetaster, Yorks.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.
BY FREDERICK WATSON. (Methuen.)
"Will no one tell me what she sings?"
WORDSWORTH, *The Solitary Reaper.*

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

BONES. BY EDGAR WALLACE. (Ward, Lock.)
"There's music in all things if men have ears."
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

CHARITY CORNER. BY A. SOUTAR. (Cassell.)
"The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes."
GOLDSMITH, *Tale of a Mad Dog.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

A LOVER'S TALE. BY MAURICE HEWLETT. (Ward, Lock.)
"Each night without any omission
I dream, dear Amanda, of you."
ANTHONY C. DEANE, *New Rhymes for Old.*

(Cyril W. Rodmell, The Croft, Sutton-on-Hull.)

A GLORIOUS LIE. BY DOROTHEA GERARD. (John Long.)
"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit;
Bird, thou never wert."
SHELLEY, *To the Skylark.*

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of original verse supposed to be written by one who would enlist but is disqualified, is awarded to Miss M. Troughton, of 5, Carlton Terrace, Child's Hill, Golder's Green, N.W., for the following:

REJECTED.

When I hear the drum, and see them come
Equipped from head to toe,
With that look in the eye as they pass by—
I'd give my soul to go.

The twelve best of the numerous other attempts received are by E. T. Sandford (Saltash), E. H. Kenney, jun. (Dulwich), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), A. C. Williams (Edinburgh), H. W. Strong (Whitley Bay), Catharine A. Munro (Glasgow), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), George Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Henrietta Kaye (Manchester), M. F. MacArthur (Swanage), Vera Larminie (Kensington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any new book is awarded to Mr. Hugh W. Strong, of 37, Marine Avenue, Whitley Bay, S.O., Northumberland, for the following:

ESSAYS OF JOSEPH ADDISON. CHOSEN AND EDITED, WITH A PREFACE AND A FEW NOTES, BY SIR JAMES G. FRAZER, D.C.L. (Macmillan.)

The distinctive feature of the latest "Eversley" is the preface by Sir James Frazer. In it we have a remarkable approximation to the style, the art, and the spirit of the original essayist. The imaginative visit to the country house of Sir Roger de Coverley may well beguile the reader into the belief that Addison *Redivivus* has added a final paper to the delightful pieces dedicated to his inimitable creation. The gay humour and the rich humanity of the originals are reproduced with extraordinary skill, and the author of "The Golden Bough" must be credited with a brilliant literary achievement.

We also select for printing:

ARCADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH. BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane.)

This is the finest social satire that has appeared since Mr. Belloc's "Emmanuel Burden." The book pretends to describe sympathetically and admiringly the social—and financial—life of the inhabitants of Plutoria Avenue, a wealthy street in an unnamed town of North America; and the irony is sustained throughout. The humour never allows the satire to seem bitter; we are kept shaking with laughter at the quaint turns of phrase, and the rolling periods pressed into the service of parody; but all the time the knife is being dug deeper into the unhappy plutocrats. It is truly satire "from above."

(Adrian Collins, 14, Warkworth Street, Cambridge.)

INNOCENT—HER FANCY AND HIS FACT. BY MARIE CORELLI. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Innocent" is a love-story of exquisite beauty and tenderness, full of intense realism and heart-rending pathos. The tragedy—of grief and desolation, of disillusionment and despair, of a young girl's first affections betrayed and her love dreams rudely shattered—is told with remarkable vigour and imaginative skill. The whole interest grows round the girlish figure of "Innocent," pathetic in her love and grief. The narrative, though poignant, is very charming and picturesque. The author's personality, never so charming as here, stands before us in every line that we read. The heroine's character is powerfully conceived and sympathetically drawn. The other characters, too, are finely and beautifully presented.

(S. V. Nath, 185, Victoria Hostel, Triplicane, Madras.)

A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP. EDITED BY LADY ALWYN COMPTON. (John Murray.)

One is predisposed to enjoy Thomas Westwood's Letters (1869–1881) on learning that in boyhood his custom was to sit under a table far into the night, afraid to move lest he should be sent to bed, listening to the talk of "Elia" and his friends. Westwood writes delightfully of books and children and dogs; of Belgium and her carillons and her ancient peace; of Dinant, "hedged in by the unchangeable"; of Frankfort, "chock full of children and birds." He discusses Tennyson, the Brownings, and Rossetti. He has a predilection for Rhoda Broughton;—and he says Swinburne should marry Ouida!

(Emily D. Gisby, Donnington Holt, Newbury.)

JOKING APART. BY THE HON. MRS. DOWDALL. (Duckworth.)

Reading the books of Martha is like discovering a new spice. Indeed, like the nutmeg-tree, Martha produces several kinds of spice at once: shrewdness, and wide-mindedness, and humour, and a certain childlike quality that can only be described as bubbling over. In all her store there is not one bitter grain. If you laugh with her at your fellow creatures the laugh is affectionate. As for her housekeeping sorrows, they are what every woman knows and no man quite understands. The chapter "Why not rest?" might, with edification, be read aloud by "Any wife to any husband."

"Kitty,"
the heroine of Sir Gilbert Parker's delightful new novel, "You Never Know Your Luck" (Hodder & Stoughton).

(Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, The Castle Gates, Shrewsbury.)

We also select for special commendation the fourteen reviews sent in by James A. Richards (Tenby), H. Beckett (Hendon), May W. Chancellor (Bloomsbury), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), K. K. Ghosh (Bengal), Kate E. Samuels (Golder's Green), Miss L. M. Snow (London, S.W.), M. F. Webster (Walworth), Miss A. M. Hillier (Highbury), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), Ronald Harley (Four Oaks), F. M. Fortescue (Southwold), G. S. Tyler (Birmingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. G. F. A. Salmon, Tregoney, Lannoweth Road, Penzance.

New Books.

THE BORROW OF THE WELSH BALLADS.*

It is agreeable enough to think of George Borrow a boy in Norfolk studying the Welsh Bards. It may be some time before a Welsh boy is in a position to return the compliment. Mr. Rhys is duly flattered and doubts whether, since the days of the Black Book of Carmarthen, any copyist ever took more pains than George did in his early years in transcribing the lines of the Welsh poets. He was more picturesque than either literal or poetic in his compliments to Ab Gwilym or Iolo Goch; and, indeed, another Welshman who is also a poet, or at any rate a very good judge of poetry, says of Borrow versifying that his efforts to render the great Dafydd are not interesting, either to lovers of the poet or lovers of Borrow. Borrow disliked Scott, Wordsworth and Keats. The only contemporary poet for him was Byron, the Byron of "Childe Harold," and so we are not surprised to find that to Borrow "poetry" stood for wild narrative or declamatory sentiment. His technical skill in metre was microscopic, and if there is a subtle lilt to the song or a delicate note that wants perceiving like the music in a sea shell, he is pretty sure to miss it. If you can fancy an Oxford College transplanted to Chicago, or the "March of the Men of Harlech" translated into French and performed to the wrong tune, you may become an enthusiast for Borrovian verse translation. Most of these verse fragments, if not all, have marched before us, in print, in a battalion of thin green-jacket quartos, thirty-seven of them in all, in boxes at the British Museum. But the thirst for Borrow's poetry was unquenched seemingly by this display. And, in a sense, this handsome printed issue of two hundred pages of splendid paper, with not too much letterpress

* "Welsh Poems and Ballads." By George Borrow. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. (Jarrold.)

on it, and rubricated initial letters is a mighty fine compliment to Don Jorge.

The less poetry, you might almost say, the more honour to verse translations some ninety years of age from Celtic bards much hoarier still. That these old translations should be set forth thus reverentially with such panoply of margin and opaque paper is a rather pathetic circumstance. If it is done purely for the credit of George Borrow, the prose-master, it is a circumstance that does him infinite honour—in one sense. There is no prose-writer that we can think of whose indifferent verses after so many years would be deemed or even dreamed worthy of such sumptuous apparel. In another sense it may be these ballads and versicles are not so satisfying, and may well do Borrow something less than justice. It is pathetic to remember that after so many years he still attached a certain value to them, and, *horribile dictu*, was fond of repeating them and even chanting them aloud. Imagine the groves of Oulton re-echoing to:

"A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill,"

or

"Chester ale, Chester ale! I could ne'er get it down,
'Tis made of ground ivy, of dirt, and of bran,
'Tis as thick as a river below a huge town!
'Tis not lap for a dog, far less drink for a man."

Mr. Rhys, in the Introduction, limits his energies largely to proving that Borrow was not such a bad Welsh translator as has been supposed, and he cites no evidence of Borrow's aptitude for rhythm or metre. But, far worse than the lack of rhythmic harmony in a man, is the absence of humour which is pre-supposed by the habit of taking these juvenile efforts at verse translation so perfectly seriously. Swift always averred that no translations were any good at all unless it were translations from a poor see to a rich one, from a shallow to a deep manger. That one should entertain a curious, intimate weakness for one's first experiment in verse translation to attain the dignity of print is perhaps permissible. Mine was a rendering of Philoctetes' farewell to the Isle of Lemnos, and it began "Farewell, I say," and then, gathering energy as it went, continued, "farewell a second time, O barren shores and rocky refuge." The words linger after these many days, but I have not so far yielded to the temptation of chanting them aloud in the woods or flinging them, balladwise, across the brightening moon. Borrow cherished his early versions because they coincided with a period of his life in which he hoped to tear the heart out of the Secret by means of Philology in a singing robe. A fine verse translation is the supreme tribute of sequestered scholarship. Poor Borrow's efforts are those of a boyish amateur in languages and polyphony, performed on the xylophone. We can only hope that their presentation in this superb form may be without prejudice to the memory of the writer that we love and prefer to think of rather as the road-master than as the rhyme-master.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

DICKENS'S SECRET.*

There is an Oriental story, which Lord Lytton cast into verse, of a number of skilled archers spending a whole day in trying to shoot an arrow through a ring flung into the air; and presently a little boy, letting fly an arrow at random, succeeded where all the experts had failed. Without the slightest disparagement of Mr. Saunders—indeed, with the highest admiration of his accomplishment—may I say that he has reminded me of the boy? In his Preface he frankly tells us that he had made no special preparation for his work, and he confesses to knowing very little of the abundant literature on the subject. He has read with evident care Dickens's half-told tale, and threaded his way through the dim labyrinths of the mystery. Suddenly, it would seem, a happy inspiration seized him, and in a flash he perceived an essential truth which had escaped other investigators. Three readings of his little volume have made me a convert to the first and most important dogma Mr. Saunders sets forth, that relating to Dickens's "very curious" and "not communicable idea" which he believed was "strong, though difficult to work." When an author thus describes what is in his own mind, we may be sure that the idea is psychological rather than concrete; that it does not consist of a mere material fact, skilfully hidden but possible of boldly seizing; and that it were best to seek the solution of the enigma in an intellectual process, a literary method, which would be purely the secret of the originator.

All Drood theorists hitherto have assumed that the "not communicable idea" concerned either the identity of a disguised personage, called Mr. Datchery, or the exact nature of a crime attempted or committed by the villain of the story, John Jasper. Mr. Saunders relegates these problems to secondary places. They exist, and they have to be settled; but there is another problem which takes precedence, and that problem is the real mystery Dickens had in his mind. For that very reason he subtly lured his readers to concentrate attention upon the other two; and if Mr. Saunders's theory be correct, as I believe, it proves that Dickens was even cleverer in his plot than Proctor, Lang—and may I add, myself?—had imagined him. Dickens-lovers will not the less eagerly accept Mr. Saunders's conclusion on this account.

All well-invented mysteries must, like a code, have a defined key; and Mr. Saunders detects the key to the Drood complication in the word "Devoted." It works very neatly and effectively when applied. It is invariably connected with Jasper, who, in his Diary and in his utterances, "devotes" himself to the destruction of the murderer of Edwin Drood, "be he whom he might." After the disappearance of Drood we see Jasper's "devotion" to his task in various aspects and stages. He registers a solemn vow; he suggests who is the guilty person; he denounces that person and secures his temporary arrest; slowly, sedulously, inexorably he builds up the case against that person; and had the story been completed we should doubtless have seen an almost triumphant fulfilment of the design. So far, good; but not good enough to form an almost insoluble mystery or to be presented as an incommunicable idea, difficult to work. The triumph would be in producing a climax, unsuspected and surprising, and far exceeding any towards which it would be supposed Dickens was working. If Jasper, by craft and by the artful misuse of circumstantial evidence, had succeeded in convicting Neville Landless of murder, what then? Merely a miscarriage of justice, not unknown in the annals of Newgate. But if by his machinations against an innocent man, if by his industrious accumulation of damning facts, if by the force of his piled-up testimony, if by his ingenious piecing together of the scattered fragments of truth—if, by all these means, he produced an avalanche that at the crisis should overwhelm himself—if, in short, his "devotion" to the destruction of his chosen victim was fated to bring about the destruction of himself—would not this be a great idea, incommunicable, difficult to work, and worthy to rank as a supreme problem? This, in brief, is Mr. Saunders's contention.

Apart from the evidence-in-chief there is much that is incidental to support him. The few notes Dickens made for his chapters strengthen the line of argument. One runs: "The Mystery. Done already"; this was just after the extract had been given from Jasper's Diary, and before the appearance of Datchery. Significantly enough Dickens had debated with himself whether or not to entitle his story, "One Object in Life," "Sworn to Avenge It," or "A Kinsman's Devotion," the underlying thought being the same in each case, and emerging in full force in the chapter almost audaciously proclaiming the theme in that single word "Devoted."

The acceptance of Mr. Saunders's theory involves the acceptance of two facts which have themselves been a source of controversy: one, that Edwin Drood did not escape but was murdered, the other that Jasper was the

* "The Mystery in the Drood Family." By Montagu Saunders. 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

actual murderer and was conscious of his crime. As personally I am convinced this is a correct view I do not propose to discuss it, and the onus is upon opponents to prove it is incorrect. But in justice to Mr. Saunders it should be mentioned that he presents the logic of this part of the case in masterly fashion, and in my own judgment the conclusion is irresistible. The chapter on Datchery is not so satisfactory, and it ends lamely and impotently. I am not concerned here to defend my own theory, which I see no reason to abandon, that Datchery was Helena Landless. The important point is this. If "he" were not Helena, who could fitly and adequately sustain the part? Proctor had a way of escape from which Mr. Saunders is debarred, for he could put Edwin Drood in the position. Others, on slight evidence, and falling easily into an obvious trap, single out Bazzard or Tartar. Mr. Saunders himself repudiates these with justifiable scorn. But who is left? Practically no one. Yet the Datchery assumption is a great affair, and a great personage is needed—one carefully indicated, one whose qualifications will be acknowledged when the disclosure is made, one who, however surprising, will be accepted as fit and proper, and who will exemplify the artistic completeness of the author's whole plan. Mr. Saunders can make no better guess than an unknown, unnamed, unseen, unheard legal gentleman, casually referred to as a member of "a firm downstairs." "This identification with Datchery has never been suggested to this day," says Mr. Saunders. And no one had ever perceived the resemblance between Monmouth and Macedon until Fluellen pointed it out.

There are many minor points in the volume on which I should have liked to dwell had it been possible. Mr. Saunders hits upon a particularly happy and very probable rôle for Bazzard to take, and he suggests likely possibilities for the Opium Woman in the general scheme. But perhaps his shrewdest score is in connection with the herb-closet in Mrs. Crisparkle's house. This apartment is elaborately described, and attention is directed to it on two occasions. In Dickens's plot there is no useless detail; he had much to do, and no material to waste. Was the herb-closet, then, needed for a special purpose? Decidedly it was, and the purpose might well be, as Mr. Saunders suggests, to serve as a hiding-place for Neville Landless, a secret sanctuary offered by the Dean: "There he would have been most effectively hidden, and yet he would have been at hand at a moment's notice to carry out the part he was designed to play."

I have ventured to write this review in the first person because, as a stubborn and prejudiced theorist, I feel that the highest tribute I can pay to Mr. Saunders is to admit that he has deeply impressed me, and that I am a convert to his main theory that the "incommunicable idea" was Jasper's "devotion" and the unforeseen but inevitable re-acting of his deadly work upon himself. A finely intuitive discovery of a brilliant idea.

J. Cuming Walters.

A STUDY IN EDUCATION.*

Mr. Phillpotts, who may perhaps by this time count upon the open mind in his readers, offers them in "Brunel's Tower" a new exercise. It is the story of a bright youngster from a reformatory school, how he was taught to run straight; and, as one knows nothing about him but what he does and says in the process, it demands both the open mind and a hopeful outlook on human nature. The need of both in life itself is probably implied by the fact that this hero is no sooner understood and loved by everybody than killed in a railway accident. We have the charitable moral for our own reward. Moreover, this is so managed by an objective treatment that one does not feel too painful a regret about it; which is to say that one has been prevented by uncertainties from loving him, while learning, with the other characters in the book, to understand him. It is, of course, not popular novel-making. "Brunel's Tower"

* "Brunel's Tower." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Heinemann.)

may be called an educational study, made agreeable by plentiful dry humour, and important by a perspicacious play of philosophy. That all its people live, and are interesting, might go without saying, since the author is Eden Phillpotts.

But the book is immensely interesting for quite another reason, too. Much more than Crawford's "Marietta," it makes one enthusiastic about an applied art—that of the potter. Brunel's Tower is a Devonshire pottery, and Mr. Phillpotts has been at the pains to learn all about the art and cunning of one of the oldest human industries. Nor are there labour troubles. The employers, George Easterbrook and Paul Pitts, with an old aunt and a daughter of the former, are workpeople themselves; and, as it is art work, and they are interested in it much more than in

Photo by Madame Rose K. Durrant & Son, Torquay. **Eden Phillpotts.**

any fortune to be made, the little pottery runs with a charming old-world smoothness. So, for that matter, do others in the neighbourhood, where there are quaintly limited views of the economic problem. Easterbrook is a just-minded and kindly rationalist without humour; Pitts a Christian with enough. They discuss the case of the unknown youngster, Harvey Porter, very divertingly; but it would be of far less interest if it were not made fascinating by what goes on in the factory.

The moral problem is the redemption of a rather hard, revengeful, deceptious, and self-centered lad, whose best traits are keenness, a sense of gratitude, and a whole-hearted admiration of his master. One's failure to like him much is due partly to the fact that these hopeful qualities show, in a dry light, like servility. In spite of this, and of many petty aspects of humanity beside, the picture of life is curiously pleasant as well as profoundly true. Mr. Phillpotts's philosophy has broken new and very serviceable ground for it, and one cannot too much admire the sincerity of his thought from first to last.

Keighley Snowden.

ADDISON AND THE ENGLISH ESSAY.*

English critics have never cared much for the study of literary forms. Apart from histories of the drama and

* "The English Essay and Essayists." By Hugh Walker. 5s. net. (Dent.)—"Essays of Joseph Addison." Edited by Sir James George Frazer. 2 vols. 8s. net. (Eversley Series.) (Macmillan.)

novel, Mr. W. W. Greg's "Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama" is our one considerable example of such work; on a smaller scale there are books like Mr. C. H. Herford's Warwick Series, and some academic studies written by Americans; but no attempt has hitherto been made to write the whole history of English Literature by tracing the development of the chief literary forms—epic, lyric, drama, history, elegy, satire, essay. Mr. Hugh Walker's book is to be judged rather as a contribution to literary history than as a work of literary criticism. Its purpose is not so much to say just and illuminating things about essays and essayists as to trace the history of the essay as a form. But the essay is quite indefinite in size and shape. What is there in common between Addison's essay on the lions at the Haymarket and Macaulay's essay on Robert Montgomery? (Perhaps more than appears to an incurious glance—but let that pass.) One point of resemblance they have—they were both published in periodicals, but the *Spectator* was a single sheet published daily, and the *Edinburgh Review* a considerable volume published quarterly. Yet the word "essay" is used not only for these, but for hundreds of other "litel thyngs in prose," and there are other forms (especially the letter, the sermon, and the lecture) which can hardly be distinguished from the essay. Addison and Steele, for example, made letters into essays: Howell turned essays into letters. Butler's sermons are essays: Johnson's essays are sermons. Mr. Bradley's Oxford Lectures on Poetry are essays: Matthew Arnold's essays are often lectures or addresses. To discriminate all these different forms, to show their relations and combinations, to trace the development of each from its first whisperhood in Bacon or Feltham or Dryden to its maturity in Carlyle or Sir Arthur Helps or Bagehot is enough work for a lifetime.

The first five chapters of Mr. Walker's book are an attempt to combine history and criticism by tracing the development of the essay from its first tentative beginnings to its development in Addison. The last seven chapters are almost entirely critical. The writer has abandoned the line of development and given himself up to the exposition and appraisal of literature and character. The book, therefore, is only partly directed to its real purpose: and this part of it is not very successful. When its proper purpose is abandoned it becomes more interesting, and approaching modern times Mr. Walker writes more and more illuminating studies of the essayists until he reaches the period which he has made his own—the Victorian age. All this portion of the book is excellent in knowledge, clarity and sympathy. The depth and breadth of Mr. Walker's reading is known to all students of English literature, and no one will open this book without learning something or gaining some new point of view. It is only a pity that the literary evolution of the essay has not been attempted.

The middle point in the history of the essay is marked by the work of Addison and Steele, which Sir James Frazer's selections from Addison's Essays give us the opportunity to examine. The form which the essay took in their hands was largely determined by circumstances over which they had no control—the size of the paper, daily publication, and the instant need of popularity, and accordingly the essential characteristics of their essays are brevity, repetition, popularity. The writers could never exceed or fall far short of the words required to fill the folio sheet; they had to remember that they were to write again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, if not to the last syllable of recorded time; they were never to bore their readers, never to offend their prejudices. The *Spectator* essays are a mixture of flattery and quiet reproof undisturbed by passion or indignation, though deepening sometimes into religious fervour. Ashton's "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne" is full of horrors, but the *Spectator* has nothing to say to any of them. He gave more thought to the welfare of his own soul or the colour of a lady's head-dress than to all the agonies of Newgate. As he writes in one of the *Spectators*, anticipating the verdict of posterity:

"'As for the (*Spectator's*) speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time; not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet show; that they attested their principles by their patches; that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand; that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage; that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masques within the verge of the Court. . . .'"

Puppet-shows and operas, masquerades and patches, these are his subjects—*in tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria*, for within the limits prescribed by natural coldness and timid self-esteem Addison achieved some of the most delightful things in English prose. Sir James Frazer has made an excellent selection from them, and the publishers have done their part with equal skill. The Preface leads us through a dream to the days before Queen Anne was dead, and opening the book we find ourselves again disturbed about the hooped petticoat or the marriage of Will Honeycomb, or hoping that Sir Roger will not look foolish at the Quarter Sessions.

But how simple it is:

"We were now arrived in Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain called an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. *Spectator!* The many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' Here he fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, 'She was a wanton baggage,' and bid her go about her business.

"We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman. . . . I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

"As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets."

What essayist would venture to write so simply and frankly now? Or what editor would print his work if he did? Two hundred years of writing and printing have complicated our ideas without deepening them, and made our taste more exacting though not more accurate.

"More matter with less art" said the Queen. "Less matter with more art" says the essayist. But the reader is like Hamlet and mutters "Words, words, words!"

A. C. GUTHKELCH.

FATHER HUGH'S POEMS.*

As a memorial of Monsignor Benson, his admirers will be glad to possess this little sheaf of poems. They will be especially valued by such for their sincerity, and the simple self-revelation of a charming personality. His literary fame rests securely on his works of fiction, and it matters little if this slender book adds nothing to his reputation as a man of letters. Monsignor Benson's verse is so unpretentious, that it would be ungracious to complain that he has little gift for song. He probably never aspired to be a Vaughan, a Herbert or a Crashaw. Novelists

* "Poems by Robert Hugh Benson." 2s. 6d. net. (Burns and Oates.)

before Father Benson have written verse, but it is rarely of much account, although there have been some notable exceptions in the case of George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Belloc, and we might add Mr. Walter de la Mare, though as a poet who has written fiction. Anyone who takes up this book will turn with pleasure to the sympathetic introduction on Robert Hugh Benson by a patron of poets—Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. This preface, which is modestly signed only with the initials W. M., is addressed mainly to Catholics, who are told that Benson, on entering the Church, had given little or no public sign of the mental and spiritual development possible in him. Development was really a natural characteristic of the man, rather than the result of any incubating process of the Church. As an Anglican he was already far from undistinguished, and he had written one book which is not unworthy of anything that followed. The mental vigour also displayed in his sermons was such as to render him a most acceptable recruit to the Roman Catholic community, apart from the fact, which we are told, that he was the first son of an English Primate, barring only Toby Matthew, to become a Roman Catholic. Monsignor Benson's activities were unceasing, and they undoubtedly hastened his end. Mr. Meynell gives a list of Benson's occupations, which leaves one breathless to read, but it also confirms one in the conviction of his sincerity and singleness of purpose. Death had no fears for him. On being told by a palmist that he would die before fifty, he exclaimed, "What good news!" and his editor adds, with a fine touch, in speaking of Benson's death, "Failure of the heart was the final paradox in the history of a man whose heart had never failed him before, were a soul to be healed or an uncovenanted kindness done."

THE TEST OF SIZE.*

"The Titan" is really an extraordinary novel. It is entirely unlike the average English fiction, which, even in its most violent and extravagant phases, is too conventionally prim and timid to break away from the accepted standards and valuations. The average English novel is "gentlemanly," even when it stalks, with dagger and cloak, an Elephant and Castle bravado. But "The Titan" is something quite different. Whether or no it conforms to certain American literary predilections and demands, I do not know, but its mental attitude, its psychology, its constructive principles, and its methods of presentment, have no kind of relationship either with the ambitious or popular type of English novel. And these differences are quite as conspicuous in the blemishes as in the virtues of "The Titan." There is, in the first place, the style. To my mind, it is an abominable style. It is as crude as a raw beef-steak and as garish as a bedizened music-hall dancer. It has no kind of delicacy, refinement, or sense of selection. It abounds in the most outrageous neologisms and slang. It is a classic example of what our forefathers would have called the "rococo" manner—full of bounce, tinsel, and rhodomontade. It makes no attempt whatever to pick and choose its phrases or to pretend to any kind of standard. All that can be said for it is that it has a rude, formless, muscular, enveloping impressiveness which is designed to carry you off your feet by sheer boisterousness. And it is the same with the material. With the true American fashion in art, it idealises bulk. It is crowded with detail; it plunges on recklessly, regardless of anything and anxious to force the reader's attention by bellowing at him. And its triumph is that it succeeds.

The story is an imaginary biography of Frank Cawperwood, "genius of finance, protagonist of great business combines, art patron, and light o' love." Cawperwood, a most unscrupulous ruffian, had been imprisoned in the penitentiary at Philadelphia for financial corruption, and transfers his Herculean energies to Chicago. Here, by "graft," bribery, oppression, fraud, chicanery, jobbery, and brutal egoism, he dominates the whole city by a network of trusts and monopolies generated out of his insatiable lust for power and money. He is beaten in the end by the financial magnates whom he had offended or disgraced or whose wives he had seduced. These magnates are of the same moral calibre as Cawperwood. It is true that they employ civic rights and justice for their artillery, but only to gain their own ends and to destroy an upstart who is eating into their own exclusive profits. The only differentiation that can be drawn between their psychology and Cawperwood's is that the latter is more resourceful in his cunning, viciousness and duplicity than they are. The rest of the book is occupied with Cawperwood's philanderings with art and with women.

The whole point of "The Titan" is that it is semi-consciously a drastic satire upon American up-to-date industrialism. Cawperwood, who controls the destinies of millions, who has infinitely greater power, resources and authority than a mediæval potentate, whose only object in life is, as Iago says, "to plume up his will" and to gratify his egoism, is quintessentially a vulgar, commonplace, and degenerate figure. Mr. Dreiser may hero-worship him (he is more than a little bitten with the Nietschean gospel) but he cannot exonerate him. It is more than a little doubtful whether he means to do so. His own attitude is rather enigmatic. But what is clear is that it is Cawperwood as a colossus, as a man "so big as to be beyond the usual standards by which men are judged," that excites his admiration. It is the Elizabethan dramatic superman idea revivified. the Tamberlaine of finance! And it is this which gives the book its tremendous energy, its rough-hewn force and effectiveness, its absorbing headiness and excitement. You see quite well that it kicks art into the gutter, but you read it with as much zest as the author wrote it.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

*"The Titan." By Theodore Dreiser. 6s. (John Lane.)

THREE GALLOWAY BOOKS.

Within recent years, Galloway, that ancient and beautiful portion of the Scottish Lowlands abutting on the Solway and looking out towards Cumberland, has come fully and happily to its own. Little more than a generation ago it was a kind of *terra incognita* to the stranger within the Scottish gate. The advent of the artist and the novelist has changed all that. To-day Galloway is a painter's paradise. Its romance rivals that of the immediate Border itself. And the summer tripper is abroad in the land. Perhaps no Scottish counties can boast scenery more varied than that of the Stewartry, as Kirkcudbright is termed, and its neighbour Wigtown (less so, to be sure), which together form "Grey Galloway," with their wonderful concatenation of physical beauty, in stream, seashore, gleaming loch, and all the wild glory of the Southern Highlands. Sir Archibald Geikie says that "no scenery in the whole of the uplands of the south of Scotland can compare for naked and rugged grandeur with the glens of the Merrick and Kells hills." In wealth of history and tradition the district is scarcely less distinguished. One natural result has been the rise of a literature, racy of the soil, and redolent of the quiet, unsophisticated lives of the people from the "Brig-End o' Dumfries to the braes o' Glenapp." Here and there the country has been touched by the magic hand of the Wizard of Abbotsford—in "Guy Mannering," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," and perhaps "The Abbot." It cannot, however, be said that Scott "discovered" Galloway. He was probably never in the locality in his life. The real "discoverer," alas, left us but lately, and is asleep for ever in the midst of his own proud and haunted land! It was his facile, sprightly pen which, two-and-twenty years since, lifted Galloway out of its obscurity into an honoured niche among the world's literary shrines. Nor shall grateful Galwegians soon forget either him or his work.

Strictly speaking, it is religion that has had most to do with the grey old province. Here Christianity was proclaimed for the first time in a land destined to be famous for faith and piety. When St. Ninian's "Candida Casa" was set up on the Whithorn shore, in 397, it was the forerunner of a succession of noble foundations, not only in Galloway, but throughout the realm. Eight hundred years separated the establishment of most of these from Ninian's white temple. The nation was only slowly developing through all those dark unwritten periods, and not till the time of David I. did religion begin to assert itself. There is no finer epoch in Scottish history than when the "sair sanct" sat upon the throne. David's regime was brimful of years of religious activity—in the rise of monastic institutions everywhere, and by a spirit of earnest-mindedness which thrust its roots deep into the life of the people. Not a few influential families collaborated with the king in his beneficent enterprises. A princely coadjutor was Fergus, Lord of Galloway, to whose rare munificence most of the religious houses in his own domain were due—Whithorn, in the very centre of his earldom; Soulseat, on his western borders; Tongueland, on his eastern, and (one can hardly doubt) the great Abbey of Dundrennan, six miles from the town of Kirkcudbright. Of all these, except Dundrennan, the remains are now scanty enough. War and the vandalism of the Reformation have wrought havoc only too well. Dundrennan's fate was more fortunate. It is one of the best-preserved of the Lowland monasteries, and we may piece its story together, if not completely, still with some degree of satisfaction that so much has been left to tell and to recall of the great days dead and unreturning.

This has been done with admirable skill and effect by the minister of the parish where Dundrennan lies.[1] The little volume contains all that practically can be said about the ruin beneath whose shadow the author's scholarly life is spent. Dundrennan was a Cistercian creation, reared on a site chosen, like all those early religious houses, by careful forethought, in a sweet and fertile valley opening out to the Solway, and watered by a never-failing burn. Its poetic name is derived from Dun Drennain, the "Hill of Thorns" near by. The abbey dates from 1142, and Mr. Christie furnishes an account of the Abbots so far as known, till the suppression of the edifice at the Reformation. A careful and intelligent survey of the ruins, with a description of their many monumental relics, give interest and value to what are exceedingly well-written and occasionally fascinating pages. It was to Dundrennan, be it recalled, that Mary, Queen of Scots, fled after her broken-hearted defeat at Langside. The monks would have died for her, if need be. They sheltered her, during those last hours on Scottish soil, within the beautiful fane itself, we should suppose, although another investigator inclines to the view that a mere private lodging in the vicinity welcomed the hapless fugitive. Mr. Huyshe, who knows his Galloway through and through, has given us a pleasant and readable essay.[2] He spent a year of research on the spot, and his chapters are replete with historical data of the Saints and Lords and Sea-Kings of the South who did so much to consolidate its earlier civilisation, and lay the foundations of a Scotland which was to be. Galloway, above all, is a land flowered with martyrs' graves. No district of Scotland figures more prominently in the struggle for religious liberty, and never has the story been better told than here.[3] Mr. Morton, who is a solicitor in Newton-Stewart, and accustomed to examine evidence, has gone minutely into numerous questions affecting the credibility of Covenanting incidents, especially that of the Women Martyrs of Wigtown. In every case it is impossible not to approve his judgment. His criticism of the Wigtown episode is entirely satisfactory, and the details given are of priceless value. Indeed, this—its first-hand references—is a conspicuous merit of the book, as are also the numerous tombstone inscriptions with which it abounds. I have tested several of these and find them careful copies of the originals. For all who love Galloway and the story of its sturdy, true sons and daughters in days gone by, this is a work to treasure, and to be taken from the shelf over and over again. It should be the most widely-read and acceptable book of its kind for years to come.

W. S. CROCKETT.

[1] "The Abbey of Dundrennan." By Alexander H. Christie, B.D. 3s. 6d. (Dalbeattie: Fraser.)

[2] "Grey Galloway: Its Lords and its Saints." By Wentworth Huyshe. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

[3] "Galloway and the Covenanters." By Alex. S. Morton. 7s. 6d. (Paisley: Gardner.)

WITH THE TSAR'S HOSTS*.

Circumstances have left their mark clearly upon these "field notes" in which Mr. Stanley Washburn describes his experiences with the Russian armies. The shadow of the censorship looms over everything that Mr. Washburn has been permitted to see or say, and the evident traces of haste which are to be marked here and there remind us that in these days even so august a journal as *The Times* cannot allow its special correspondents to spend overmuch time upon the elaboration of their dispatches. But the book has all the good qualities of its defects.

It is written in a good, straightforward style, and the many vivid descriptions of all the heroic and ghastly episodes that go to make up modern warfare show unmistakable signs of having been recorded while the impressions were fresh upon the author's mind. Not, indeed, that they are just slap-dash generalisations. Mr. Washburn is an old campaigner with the Tsar's hosts, and there are few things of better augury for the Allies than the contrast which he draws more than once between the Russia of the Russo-Japanese War and the Russia of to-day. Disunion, repression and assassination have given place to a national single-mindedness which has prompted every Russian to bear his share of the common burden, and Mr. Washburn proclaims in unequivocal terms that a new Russia stands revealed, "a country alert and ready to take its place among the progressive nations of the world."

The most interesting, as being, perhaps, the least well-known, thing that Mr. Washburn brings out is the importance of the Russian campaign in Galicia. He very justly contradicts the false popular impression that the Austro-Hungarian armies are little more than undisciplined hordes, and he goes on to show how, in spite of the enormous advantages conferred upon the enemy by a vastly superior railway system, the Russians succeeded after six weeks of campaigning in gaining complete control "of the whole of Galicia, up to a line running from the Carpathians on the south, through Przemysl and along the River San to the important town of Yaroslav." This achievement is well worthy of all the praise which Mr. Washburn bestows upon it, and may prove, in the long run, to have been one of the decisive factors in the whole campaign.

If, as he seems to hint, Mr. Washburn is going to produce eventually a more fully-considered book, we shall expect much from it. In the meantime these "field notes" are of great value and interest, and are helped out by a number of excellent illustrations.

THE RED TERROR.†

There were in France two reigns of Terror: the first one, the *Red Terror*, lasted for twelve months, from the summer of 1793 to the corresponding season of the following year; the second, the *White Terror*, took place in 1815 after the restoration of the Bourbons. M. Fleischmann's book is devoted to the Red Terror. Those months of the Terror were—to quote from Mr. Belloc's "French Revolution"—"months of martial law; and the Terror was simply martial law in action—a method of enforcing the military

* "Field Notes from the Russian Front." By Stanley Washburn. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

† "Behind the Scenes in the Terror." By Hector Fleischmann. 12s. 6d. net. (Greening & Co.)

Robespierre.

From "Behind the Scenes in the Terror" (Stanley Paul).

defence of the country and of punishing all those who interfered with it or were supposed by the Committee to interfere with it." Many historians hold that the principal person responsible for the awful deeds of that terrible time was Robespierre. That view is denounced as calumnious by Mr. Belloc in his valuable and fascinating "Life of Robespierre," a denouncement which is echoed by M. Fleischmann, whose opinion is that "a great life has been blasphemously calumniated." Probably that great military organiser, Carnot, must be held chiefly answerable for the misdeeds of the Committee of Public Safety, although he cannot be held to be solely responsible. Robespierre's influence in the Committee was much less than has been generally considered to be the case. The massacres of September 1792, often confused with them, have no connection with the atrocities committed during the Terror. Their instigator was Marat.

The sources of this very interesting work are the mass of pamphlets—the product of the moment—"giving details about prison life, the talk of the prisoners, the last hours of the condemned." Some of them are described as "bibliographical rareties to-day." To these are to be added the memoirs of the period.

A considerable portion of the book deals with the subject of "Prisons and Prisoners," and the interest of this section is increased by the length of the excerpts from the pamphlets. Then we have "Some Notes on Maximilien De Robespierre," followed by an account of the origin of the "Marseillaise," "The Tragedy of the People's Friend" (Marat), and other articles. The whole forms a series of attractive pictures of the French Revolution which will strongly appeal to that well-catered-for individual, the general reader, for whom the work is chiefly intended.

There are here and there a few slips which call for correction. On page 113 Robespierre is described, when twenty-seven years old, as "a youth"—rather an elderly youth at that age! At the time of his mother's death, in 1764, Robespierre was six not nine years old. The Museum in front of the School of Medicine in Paris should surely be the Dupuytren, not the Dupuybren, Museum. Marat was murdered on July 13th, 1793, and yet we are gravely informed that he reappeared on Tuesday, July 23rd. For July read April. On page 235 we are told that Charlotte Corday's complexion had the "transparency" of milk. These errors should probably be laid at the door of the translator. S.B.

THREE SOUTH AFRICAN BOOKS.*

Few men have had more to do with the moulding of the new South Africa than Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. An ardent supporter of Rhodes, he organised the Reform Committee in 1895, and took a prominent part in the rebellion against the Kruger regime which ended in the abortive Jameson Raid. After the Boer War, when the first Transvaal Parliament was being elected under a British Constitution, he defeated General Botha at the poll in Pretoria, and was returned for that constituency. He was a delegate to the National Convention that drafted the Constitution of the Union as it is to-day. In the early prospecting days he published "The Outspan," which made an appeal to South Africans equalled only by Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." Later came "The Transvaal from Within," and then that best of all dog stories, "Jock of the Bushveld."

When the present war broke out, and General Botha undertook the defence of the Union against Prussian aggression from without and Prussian plotting within, his old opponent, whose health did not permit of his taking the field beside him, took to the platform. He delivered over twenty lectures on "The Origin, Causes and Objects of the War," in various parts of South Africa. These have been collected and compressed into some three hours' reading, and published by Maskew Miller, of Cape Town, under the original title. The writer of this digest of twenty lectures explains that the case is put in kindergarten simplicity, for he was addressing young people who were interested in world-problems for the first time, and older people to some extent out of touch with European questions. This simplicity is refreshing, and will be welcomed in other parts of the British Dominions as it has been in South Africa.

It is impossible in a short review to give a fair idea of the scope of this short book. I should like to give passages from every page. Professor von Treitschke is largely quoted. Here is a sample:

"Every State reserves to itself the right of judging as to the extent of its Treaty obligations."

"A man loses power when he pities."

"What," he asks, "is more harmful than vice? Practical sympathy with the weak."

"I condemn Christianity, and confront it with the most terrible accusations an accuser has ever had in his mouth. To my mind it is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one enormous and innermost perversion, the one great instructive revenge, for which no means are too venomous, too underhand, too underground and too petty. I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind."

General von Boehn is quoted. This highly-placed personage says that such things as the wholesale murder of unarmed people, including children, and the outraging of women, are the "soldiers' reward." Bernhardi and other distinguished German writers are referred to as well.

An interesting passage is that affecting America (page 45). It reminds us of the *Spectator's* warnings about Germany's designs on Brazil. Germany thought the only defender of the Monroe doctrine was the American fleet. Germany's chance came when this fleet was engaged with the Spanish Navy.

"But the British fleet was there also, and the German admiral wanted to know what the British fleet would do before he took

* "The Origin, Causes, and Objects of the War." By Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. 1s. 6d. net. (Cape Town, Maskew Miller. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 2s. 6d. net.)—"The Hun in Our Hinterland." By J. K. O'Connor. 1s. 6d. post free.—"Elementary Course of South African History to 1820." By Marie Hartill. (Cape Town: Maskew Miller.)

chances. They watched the boat put off from the German flagship to the British flagship, the three fleets watching in dead silence. They all knew that everything depended upon the British admiral's attitude. 'What will the British fleet do,' inquired the German admiral, 'if we attack the American fleet?' The answer was: 'I am not instructed to answer hypothetical questions, but the American admiral knows'; and as the German boat returned with the answer the British fleet silently and slowly swing round facing a common enemy."

Sir Percy gives us a glimpse into the sitting of the National Convention, and we learn that the strongest argument for Union, used by a great Dutch leader (was it Botha?) was the presence of the Germans on their borders, in South-West Africa, which was called their "jumping-off ground." He is, perhaps, clearest of all when dealing with the intricacies of diplomacy during the three weeks preceding the 4th of last August. The impression is so vivid that one is inclined to ask, with a little girl who listened while the part was read—and with Mr. Courtney—"Why don't we keep these ambassadors at home?"

"The Hun in Our Hinterland," by J. K. O'Connor, can be read through in an hour, and the large type in which it is printed makes that hour easy. But most readers will think along Mr. O'Connor's lines for some hours to follow. The writer tells us that he travelled over a great part of German South-West Africa, before the war, as an agricultural journalist, but actually with the object of ascertaining the truth or otherwise of rumours to the effect that a certain section of the Afrikander people was prepared to render assistance to the German troops in the case of war, on the understanding that Germany would guarantee the independence of certain portions of the Union. Every page is crammed with interesting information, and no one who wishes to know the gigantic task to which General Botha has put his hand should be without it. German South-West Africa is literally a chain of military stations. It has a trained European force of 10,000 men, with a "civil population" of only an equal number, three-fifths of which belong to the military reserve! In addition, there are three divisions of trained Natives. Mr. O'Connor's suspicions were more than confirmed, as the late South African rebellion proved. When the present war is over it will be found that South Africa deserves well of the Empire.

A third book comes from Maskew Miller—"Elementary Course on South African History, to 1820." This has some distinctive features—one being that it shows the bearing of the histories of European countries on that of South Africa. The book is well illustrated, and should be a useful addition to school equipment. It is compiled by Miss Marie Hartill, of the Girls' High School, Rondebosch.

WILLIAM BLANE.

SWINBURNE.*

"Swinburne: A Critical Study" is an appreciation in which, while pronouncing no novel or definitive judgment on the great poet's prosody and philosophy, Mr. T. Earle Welby contrives to say much that is at once sound and suggestive on these two subjects. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Welby, whom we take to be a young man, is not content to worship Swinburne this side of idolatry. He insists on being a whole-hogger, and is vehement in proclaiming that the work done by the poet in the last twenty years of his life shows no declension from that done in his prime. This is a contention which those of us who are middle-aged must most resolutely and most confidently scout. We who watched with disappointment and dismay the successive publication of "Marino Faliero," of the third series of "Poems and Ballads," of "Locrine," of "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards," of "Astrophel," of "The Tale of Balen," and of "A Channel Passage," must regretfully maintain that if Swinburne had died in 1883 his fame to-day would stand far higher than it actually stands. All Swinburne's great things, whether in prose or verse, were written between 1865 and 1882. To this period belong "Atalanta in Calydon," the first two series of "Poems and Ballads," "Songs before Sunrise," and "Tristram of Lyonesse," to say nothing of the great trilogy of "Chastelard," "Bothwell," and "Mary Stuart." These, too, are the years in which Swinburne produced his finest critical work—his magnificent "Study of Shakespeare," the essay on Chapman which branches out into that eloquent defence of Browning's alleged obscurity, the masterly studies of Ford and Webster, and the generous tributes to the genius of such contemporary poets as Rossetti, Morris, and Matthew Arnold. True, it is a dismal thought that Swinburne's muse was practically sterile for the last twenty years of his life. But who that impartially compares the later with the earlier work can doubt the fact? Three or four unreadable plays, a few patriotic verses conceived in a lofty vein, and endless dithyrambs on babies, on the sea, and on books and their authors, sum up Swinburne's contributions to poetry from 1883 till he ceased to write it in 1904.

Quaintly enough, Mr. Welby himself implicitly admits the inferiority of the Post-Tristram work by devoting to it thirty-four pages only, as compared with one hundred and four which he requires for an examination of the poems and prose published between 1862 and 1882. Apart from this tendency towards magnifying unduly the poet's later work, the author of this critical study comes fairly to grips with his subject. Speaking, for instance, of Swinburne's criticism, he says very truly that while the extravagances for the most part are on the surface, the bare judgment, conveyed often enough in some hyperbolical phrase and almost always with great emphasis, is practically unerring. Again, he points out that Swinburne's imagery, often very beautiful, sometimes magnificent, is yet extraordinarily narrow in range, being almost wholly made up of abstract natural symbols, winds and waves, fire, light, stars. Finally, discussing the author of "Poems and Ballads" as a creative artist, he sums up in the following balanced fashion:

"The poet who went back with unrivalled success to the Greeks, and in going back discovered there those really romantic qualities in the Greek genius which a natural but rather excessive emphasis on its classical qualities had obscured; who, in some of his nature poems, entered with perfect sympathy into something much more primitive than the classical or the modern feeling for nature; who wrote in 'Tristram of Lyonesse' by far the greatest of Arthurian poems, and in such a piece as 'Laus Veneris' recaptured more of the mediæval spirit than any contemporary save William Morris; and who, as Guy de Maupassant said of him, was also 'un des plus raffinés et des plus subtils parmi les explorateurs de manies et de sensations qui forment les écoles modernes,' must have been a writer of very exceptional breadth and pliancy of intellect."

By the way, in the chapter that deals with "Personal Characteristics" of the great poet, Mr. Welby might have added that Swinburne, like the late Marquis of Salisbury and like Mr. Gladstone, never took to smoking. He detested the habit, and would never be in the company of smokers. He might also note that Browning—in "Childe Rowland"—"recaptured the mediæval spirit" quite as successfully as either Morris or Swinburne.

LEWIS BETTANY.

* "Swinburne: A Critical Study." By T. Earle Welby. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE SOULS OF LONELY PLACES.*

When, a week or two ago, Mr. Scully's book was announced in one of the dailies under the heading "Books of To-Day" it was fondly hoped—though from its title hardly to be expected—that it might turn out to be the eagerly looked-for third series of his "Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer." The first work bearing that title appeared two years ago, followed some months later by its successor, "Further Reminiscences, etc.," in the preface to which we were promised a third instalment, which was to deal with "the war, the settlement, and the birth of the Union." To those acquainted with Mr. Scully's books, such an

* "Lodges in the Wilderness." By W. C. Scully. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

announcement must have been received with intense satisfaction and impatient expectancy. It may be that a reader here and there will be more or less conscious of a feeling of disappointment—though perhaps that is rather too harsh a term to use—that his hope has not been realised, though he will doubtless be quite ready to admit that no phase of South African life touched upon by Mr. Scully can possibly be devoid of interest. Mr. Scully is in essence a poet, and his descriptions of Nature in her various moods, "though wanting the accomplishment of verse," prove him to be such. He is no mere observer of natural phenomena; the very soul of the wilderness has gone into his being and inspired him.

At the time of his journeys into the wilderness—under which name is to be understood the Great Bushman Desert—the author held the appointment of special magistrate for the northern border of the Cape Colony, an office of which he was the last incumbent, and which, we are not surprised to learn, has since lapsed. With one exception, when he penetrated into the Rictersveld to investigate the case of an alleged flogging of a native, it is somewhat difficult to discover the object of his wanderings into those arid regions except the search for sport.

The Bushman Desert is of vast extent, including within its limits upwards of 50,000 square miles. It is little known.

"A few nomads—some of European and some of mixed descent—hang on its fringe. Here and there ephemeral mat-house villages, whose dwellers are dependent on the sparse and uncertain bounty of the sky, will, perhaps, be found for a season. But when the greedy sun has reclaimed the last drop of moisture from shallow 'pan' or sand-choked rock-saucer, the mat-houses are folded up and, like the Arabs, these dwellers steal silently away from the blighting visage of the Thirst King. But the greater portion of Bushmanland may be ranked among the most complete solitudes of the earth. The lion, the rhinoceros, and, in fact, most of the larger indigenous fauna have disappeared from it—with the autochthonous pigmy human inhabitants; nevertheless it is a region full of varied and distinctive interest. The landscape consists either of vast plains, mirage-haunted and as level as the sea—arid mountain ranges—usually mere piles of naked rock, or immense sand-dunes, massed and convoluted. The latter often change form and occasionally their location under stress of violent winds which sweep down from the torrid north."

The invariable companion of Mr. Scully in his adventurings was a delightful Boer farmer, Andries Esterhuizen, whose character is admirably portrayed by the author.

Some of their wanderings were attended with considerable trials to man and beast, especially to the latter, who in some of the trips into the waterless interior were deprived of the means of allaying their thirst. The water for the men had to be carried in the wagons, but none was available for the oxen. The effect on these poor creatures is well described when on one occasion the voyagers arrived at their first camp, some days' distance from the place of their setting out.

"The sun was high when the yokes dropped once more. The unhappy oxen, now very thirsty, wandered about emitting low moans of distress. Their fundamental instincts told them that no water was near; their inherited faith in the wisdom and power of man had, however, given them the thought that relief might be provided. Suddenly, however, primordial instinct gained ascendancy; their minds were made up. They paced, lowing, to the trail; then advanced along it at a trot. Soon the trot altered to a wild gallop. To-morrow, before noon, they would charge down on Gamoep—and woe to man or beast obstructing their course. Red-eyed, and with blackened tongues extended from roaring, tortured throats, they would fling themselves into the pool and drink their fill. At Gamoep they would remain for four restful days; then they would be brought back to our camp by Piet Noona and his nephew."

The above is a capital specimen of Mr. Scully's descriptive powers. He is equally good at character-drawing, and no less so in his reflective and meditative moods, wherein his poetic temperament is revealed. His humour also is of choice quality.

The book cannot fail to keep up the reader's interest from beginning to end, yet, perhaps, though it may appear somewhat ungrateful to say so, it does not quite reach the level of the works to which reference has been made. We hope it will not be long before Mr. Scully fulfils the promise, made in 1913, to continue his reminiscences of which these are of anterior date.

A few errors have been overlooked in the proof-reading. On page 114, "husband's" should be "uncle's"; on page 132 a note of interrogation is incorrectly used for one of exclamation; on page 116 "inconinently" should read "incontinently"; and (page 187) "missing" should undoubtedly be "mission." To call attention to these slips will probably be looked upon as pedantry; but is it?

S. BUTTERWORTH.

Novel Notes.

THE GREAT AGE. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is quite refreshing in these days of psychological novels by ultra-introspective writers to find a story which is almost wholly dependent upon a skilful plot and exciting incident. Mr. Snaith has drawn upon ample and splendid resources. The "Great Age" is the age of Elizabeth, and we find not only the Queen and her leading councillors in these pages, but, above all, William Shakespeare. Shakespeare becomes involved in a highly dangerous affair of high treason. Gervase Heriot, condemned to death by a miscarriage of justice, is enabled to escape from Nottingham Castle by Mistress Anne, daughter of the Constable, Sir John Feversham. The two lovers have the most perilous and hairbreadth escapes, and finally, on reaching Oxford, are befriended by Shakespeare and attached by him to the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors. In the meantime Sir John has gone to the Queen to announce the escape of Heriot, and is condemned to death by her. It is principally Shakespeare's wit and courage which finally unravel the tangle. The Queen is highly pleased with the new comedy "As You Like It," and is much touched by the acting of Anne as Rosalind. Shakespeare seizes the occasion to explain all to Elizabeth, and though at first he is likely to pay the penalty for interfering in treasonable affairs, everything comes right in the end, and justice and love triumph in the good old-fashioned style. On one or two points Mr. Snaith's reading of Queen Elizabeth's attainments and character is, perhaps, rather unorthodox, and his Elizabethan language has its modern additions, but these are, after all, minor matters in a story which depends, and successfully depends, upon its "go" and vitality.

THE ONE OUTSIDE. By Mary Fitzpatrick (Mrs. Sullivan). 3s. 6d. (Maunsel & Co.)

Messrs. Maunsel have done the one thing which those acquainted with social conditions in the Irish capital would have said could not be done. They are Irish publishers who count with the greater world of London, and they have given a chance to the Irish or the Anglo-Irish literature. A publisher who is also something of a literary man himself, is not always the one sure of success; but to the poet who controls the destinies of Maunsel & Co., there is added a bit of North of Ireland business shrewdness which has set Maunsel & Co. on its business legs. It is to be placed to the credit of this young Irish firm of publishers that it has published nothing unworthy, nothing without its real value and significance, while it has achieved some remarkable triumphs, as when it discovered Mr. James Stephens. Its newest Irish idyllist comes to her work with a fresh eye—fresh because of many years' residence in England. To come back—as the present reviewer well knows—is to come back to sharp, keen impressions of the people and the country, so startlingly vivid that it seems a thousand pities one can only come back once, or twice, after long absence. These are freshly conceived, simply-told stories of the Irish peasantry, stories of large issues, of tragedies of love and duty, without sordidness, pitiful, always with a sense of beauty. Mrs. Sullivan knows just how the bogs look in all aspects of them, and knows how to make them a background for the solitary human

figure around which the other persons of her story are grouped. She knows the haunted Irish fields:

"Little cow-boy what have you heard
Up on the fairy rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Piping to sultry fields around."

These are very touching tragedies of "The One Outside", "The Little Sister"; "The Mistress of the Hill Farm". "As a Man is Able"; and they have the note of real tragedy, its inevitableness, the helplessness of the men and women whose fate was written long ago and before they were born. The Irish peasant's fatalism is between the pages of this book, as much of its atmosphere and its life as the wind over the bog, or the smell of the turf-smoke. It is not a melancholy book, though it is a plaintive one; and it will appeal to those who demand something of literature in their reading.

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO POTTS. By Parry Truscott. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

The strength of Mrs. Parry Truscott's latest book, as with all her earlier ones, lies in its simple realism. She takes an ordinary, middle-class man for her hero, and working out his character with subtlest skill and understanding, places him among ordinary surroundings in somewhat extraordinary circumstances. Loving a girl whose name he does not know and who seems to him to live in a world above his own, he rescues another girl from drowning, and finds her on his hands—a poor, helpless pretty little creature, scarcely more than a child, with no friends to go to and no one but himself to help her. Being unselfish and exceptionally generous, he willingly shoulders the responsibility, and the girl grows to regard him with adoring worship. The result of this strange complication, so consistent with the man's character, and in itself so natural, forms the chief theme of the story. The author's knowledge of human nature and her consciousness of the value of the "little things," makes the novel intensely real and interesting from first to last. It is a book that grips.

THE FULL PRICE. By Lady Charnwood. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Roger of this delightful novel—not unworthy to stand beside that other unselfish lover, the Roger in "Wives and Daughters"—is, we learn incidentally, an admirer of the more perdurable elements in Leighton's work, and reading this, involuntarily there arose the thought that this fine simple love-story, with its noble outlook and chosen use of arts, limiting convention, had a certain kinship with some strong, decorative Leighton in which the people pourtrayed were at once actual and typical. It is not, like "John Christopher" or "Sinister Street," an attempt to throw upon a huge canvas a sense of the complexities, confusions and ironies which, to a soul in process of development, the human pageant often presents. On the contrary, despite its humour and its brilliance, it has the satisfying effect of some justly balanced cycle in a classic triptych, definite in outline even when subtle in perception. Assuredly the study of Lord Shelton, the central figure, is poignantly subtle and, since he is no mere puppet of the author's hand, is intuitively lifelike on one point which was probably far from her intention, inasmuch as his eloquent, but sophistical, speech against Woman-suffrage, assuming premisses to many inadmissible, was characteristic of his convenient tendency unconsciously to concentrate his vision always and only on what seemed to converge favourably upon his own aims and ideals. Margaret is an endearing creation. Lady Charnwood knows her own world and writes of it with the sure and delicate touch of one who handles familiar details; and the uplifting beauty of love which, whether fulfilled or not, is, as Roger truly says "beyond the region where desire demands fulfilment," is only enhanced by the common sense which recognises that in that world, as in every other, it must pay "the full price."

HIS ROYAL HAPPINESS. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some years ago, when the present reviewer was on his way to visit President Roosevelt at the White House, the newspaper bills in Washington announced, in all the glory of capital letters, "Ted's daughter dines with Ed." On the previous day that young lady, who was on her honeymoon, if I remember rightly, had been invited to meet King Edward at dinner. Mrs. Cotes rises to a more daring theme in this delightful novel. Her heroine not only dines with Prince Alfred, but marries him. Prince Alfred, when the story opens, is at Oxford. His rooms in Longwall Street overlook Magdalen. He then visits America, and meets this charming daughter of the States; after which, the marriage is merely a question of time and method. Mrs. Cotes has managed to preserve enough of the probabilities to give her romance a foothold on the solid earth. The convenient accident which removes Prince Alfred's relatives and raises him to the throne on the very day on which he and Miss Hilary Lanchester had been secretly married across the Atlantic, is legitimate business for a novelist. No one will quarrel with the authoress over this dramatic stroke, especially as the rest of the story is perfectly natural. That is, as far as the characters and conversation go. It would require an expert in etiquette to determine whether Mrs. Cotes is right in all her royal details. But that is in itself a detail; the story is rapid and entertaining, and the hero is a real hero of romance, although he is a king.

The Bookman's Table.

THE AMBER ARMY, and other Poems. By William Talbot Allison. 3s. 6d. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Mr. W. T. Allison, who is known to many of us in this country through divers Canadian anthologies, is one of the most authentic of living Canadian poets. The charm of his verse lies in the wise quietness of its outlook. He finds inspiration in the everyday life of the world and the common experiences of the human heart. In his love of nature and natural scenery, in his reflective moods, his homely humanity and clear simplicity of utterance, he has certain pleasant affinities with Wordsworth. The cry of the wind in the night, the rain on the window in a May evening, the calm and fragrance of summer darkness, the wan cheerlessness of winter mornings, the pathos of sunset and the fall of the leaf—these and the passing pageantry of earth and sky throughout the year, find in him a sensitive interpreter of their beauty and their mystery. There is a pensive sense of the mortality of human things in the lines "To a Mummy in Victoria College"; and a hint of disillusion in "The Cry of the Romanticist":

"For in this night of time no more I find
The fluted dreams, unperishing and high,
The ringing temper of the ancient mind.
Glory is gone, while Love, a wasted thing,
Looks from dim windows on the passers-by,
And Love, alas! has lost the heart to sing."

But these are only occasional notes; the prevailing spirit of the book is a spirit that responds quickly to the joy of life, the loveliness of the world, and holds by a restful faith in an ultimate good, even though

"Along the great white roads of Time . . .
Life's caravans are blown to dust."

In these unquiet days especially, there is refreshment and healing in the grace and thoughtful sincerity of such verse as Mr. Allison's.

THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA, FROM EAST TO WEST. By Cherry Kearton and James Barnes. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

In ancient Rome the purveying of arena-shows for the people gave rise to an enormous trade in wild beasts. To amuse modern London, New York and the other great

cities of the world, shows also have to be provided, but in place of the blood-stained arena we have the innocent cinema, and the production of the necessary films leads the footsteps of adventurous photographers to regions which Cæsar's hunter-legions never dreamt of. The authors of this book landed at Mombasa and crossed the Africa Continent to the mouth of the Congo, via the Victoria and Albert Nyanza Lakes and the Great Forest discovered by Stanley. They had, as may be imagined, many exciting or diverting adventures by the way, and these are related in a graphic and attractive style. The volume contains some 170 photographs, most of which are most beautifully executed.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DIGBY LONG & CO.

Pamela, by Edmund Lee (6s.), is a charming love-story tinged with mysticism. Edward Weston, coming in touch with the spirit of Pamela's dead father, is charged by the spirit to take care of his only daughter, and to guard her from some great evil that threatens her life. Meeting the girl, Edward falls in love with her, but Pamela, although reciprocating his affection, falls under the influence of another man who exerts his power over her mind to win her from her lover. It is a weirdly fascinating novel, and the author possesses a concise, vigorous style that makes the book thoroughly interesting throughout. Not only Spiritualists, but any who appreciate a good story containing the right amount of sentiment—and sentiment that rings true—the right amount of drama, and certain flashes of humour, will enjoy Mr. Edmund Lee's latest production.

A Vision of Delight, by Monica Tregarthen (6s.), tells of Caroline Beresford, a young girl who leaves her native country, her only sister and all her friends, to marry a man much older than herself, and live with him in South Africa. Having developed bachelor habits of a most finicking order, this elderly professor makes an exacting and domineering husband, and the life for which Caroline has sacrificed so much proves, after all, very nearly unbearable. In the midst of her sadness another man crosses her path, and she is tempted to break free from the dreary routine of household duties that have become so irksome to her; but at the last moment, for the sake of her children, she renounces her lover and the chance of happiness he might have brought her. However, what appears to be a crushing misfortune, turns out, in the end, a very real blessing, for it changes her husband from an insufferable tyrant to a reasonable being, and opens his eyes to his cruelty and selfishness. A good novel of domestic tragedy and comedy.

THE CHESS NEWS AGENCY.

Anybody who wants to learn how to play chess may be strongly recommended to get **Chess: An Easy Game,** by A. W. Foster and R. E. Kemp (1s. net). The very title is a temptation, for the usual handbook insists that chess is a science, and most difficult to learn. These authors rightly treat it as a game or pastime; they explain all that needs explaining about it; describe the moves, the various stratagems, give you many helpful hints and incidental observations, and, in fact, tell you everything, from the opening move to how you are to win. It is lightly and pleasantly written, and is certainly one of the most readable as well as one of the most useful of handbooks to one of the best of games.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

The White Horses, by Halliwell Sutcliffe (6s.), is a cavalier tale, a story of the picturesque gallant days of Prince Rupert. Mr. Sutcliffe paints the scene of this stirring romance for us with no niggardly brush. The colours are strong, flamboyant, perhaps, at times, but it is the tradition of the thing, and the author writes up to it. History is drawn upon for the framework of the tale. Thus we have the siege of York and the battle of Marston Moor depicted for us, and the defence of Lathom. Adventure supplies the motive power of the romance and drives Squire Metcalf of Nappa Hall to fight for Rupert and the King. A love interest, of course, delicately flavours the narrative. There is sympathy and insight displayed in "The White Horses" in spite of the rather conventional pattern to which the novel is cut.

Cambridge University Press

Jacke Jugeler. Edited with introduction and notes by W. H. WILLIAMS, M.A. Fcap. 4to. 4s 6d net.

Jacke Jugeler is a one-act farce on the lines of Heywood's interludes. It was written in the middle of the sixteenth century, and may have been the work of Nicholas Udall, author of *Ralph Roister Doister.*

English Folk-Song and Dance. By FRANK KIDSON and MARY NEAL. With 6 illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s net.

Alexander Scott, Montgomerie, and Drummond of Hawthornden as Lyric Poets. By CATHARINE M. MACLEAN, M.A. Crown 8vo. 2s net. Lord Rector's Prize (Edinburgh), 1911–12.

Berkeley and Percival. By BENJAMIN RAND. The correspondence of George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, and Sir John Percival, afterwards Earl of Egmont. With 7 plates. Demy 8vo. 9s net.

"It is impossible to touch upon the variety and wealth of these delightful letters. All the great wits move before us; Mr. Steele is very cheerful in his house in Bloomsbury Square; Mr. Pope, 'a Papist,' obliges Berkeley with a copy of his new poem, 'Windsor Forest.' . . . A very valuable addition to our stores of Eighteenth Century literature."—EDMUND GOSSE in the *Morning Post.*

The Mystery in the Drood Family. By MONTAGU SAUNDERS. Crown 8vo. 3s net.

"Mr. Montagu Saunders has made a noteworthy addition to the 'Edwin Drood' literature. . . . I warmly thank Mr. Montagu Saunders for the calm, considerate, and fair spirit in which he has dealt with the theme."—CLAUDIUS CLEAR in the *British Weekly.*

Cambridge University Press
FETTER LANE, LONDON

TYPEWRITING.—MSS. of every description Copied Accurately and Promptly, 9d. 1,000 words (postage inclusive). Testimonials from Authors, &c.—MISS JACOBS, 18, Statham Grove, Clissold Park, London, N.

AUTHORS' MSS. TYPEWRITTEN accurately and promptly, 9d. per 1,000 words. Testimonials. —Miss DOYLE, 9, Marine Parade, Worthing, Sussex. (Late of 16, The Steyne, Worthing.)

BOOKS. NEW LIST NOW READY.
Many SPECIAL BARGAINS in Publishers' Remainders
Offered at Huge Discounts off Published Prices.
All New Copies. Catalogue sent on receipt of a card.
WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

FOR SALE.

Xmas 1914 issue of "The Bookman." Price 2/6; postage extra. Apply Box No. 1426, c/o "The Bookman," 20, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

FOR SALE.—THE SPHERE, Vols. 1-41, unbound; good condition.—G., 96, Lansdowne Road, W.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S

NEW SIX-SHILLING FICTION

FROM ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS.

A LOVERS' TALE.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.
With 9 Illustrations by MAURICE GRIEFFENHAGEN.

In this fascinating new romance Mr. Maurice Hewlett returns to the manner of his earlier romances, "The Forest Lovers," "Richard Yea-and-Nay," and other books which won him a unique place in English letters.

DELIA BLANCHFLOWER.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S *Successful New Novel*

"Mrs. Ward has never felt more deeply, or expresssd herself with greater earnestness in any of her other works."—*Spectator.*

THE WHITE HORSES

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

"There is a bracing wholesome feeling which reminds one of the Yorkshire hills and dales in which the story is set. The single-hearted loyalty which runs through every page cannot fail to appeal to every Briton at the present."—*Evening Standard.*

THE BLIND SPOT

JUSTUS M FORMAN

"One of the best and most earnest of Mr. Forman's essays of fiction."—*Scotsman.*

THE INTRUDER

HAROLD BINDLOSS

"As is his custom, Mr. Bindloss carries us, in this fine tale of human efforts and resources pitted against the powers of nature, out into the free air and wide spaces of the West."—*Scotsman.*

NESBIT'S COMPACT

PAUL TRENT

"A well-told story with a good plot, and no lack of exciting incidents. It holds the reader from the first page to the last."—*Financial Times.*

BONES

EDGAR WALLACE

Mr. Wallace's admirers will hail with joyous shouts of welcome the reappearance of Mr. Commissioner Sanders and that delightful black scoundrel Bosambo.

SIR PENYWERN'S WIFE

FLORENCE WARDEN

"Miss Warden has given us many exciting stories, but we think that this one may take its place among her very best."—*Bookseller.*

POWERS OF DARKNESS

FRED M. WHITE

A vivid, rapidly moving story in which mystery, strong characterisation, and criminality are skilfully blended.

THE FIRES OF LOVE

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON

A strong forceful romance that cannot fail to have a host of deeply interested readers. Mrs. Leighton upholds her reputation as a queen of hot and strong fiction.

NOW READY

THE HOLY FLOWER.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
With 16 Full-Page Illustrations.

A new record of stirring adventure in wildest Africa by the famous hunter and explorer, Allan Quatermain, telling the story of a perilous mission into unknown country.

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED, SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

1,000 GUINEAS

HODDER AND STOUGHTON'S 1,000 GUINEAS PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION. Full particulars and form of Entry post free on application to Hodder and Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, : : : London, E.C. : : :